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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

KING NICHOLAS, it now appears, won no bloody and glorious victory at Scutari. But he staged a farce which may have a tragic end. There was none of that desperate fighting which we reported last week on the faith of official Montenegrin messages. Essad Pasha surrendered the place while it still had provisions for at least three weeks. It was then announced that by arrangement with Montenegro he had proclaimed himself King of Albania, and would use the troops and guns which he still commanded to consolidate his rule. He had finally ceded Scutari, we were told, and counted on the allegiance of the Young Turk general, Djavid Pasha, who is near Vallona, at the head of the remnants of an army, to act as his "Minister of War," and to repress the Albanian provisional government. Essad Pasha is an Albanian magnate with a lurid past, who was by turns the favorite and the enemy of Abdul Hamid, the tool and the opponent of the Young Turks. There seems some reason to suspect that the latter may have inspired his latest adventure as much to ruin Albanian nationalism as to embarrass the Concert. His family, though powerful, enjoys no sort of precedence among the older Albanian houses, and, to avoid jealousies, most Albanians would prefer a foreign to a native prince.

On Monday the Ambassadors' Conference met to consider the new situation, but came to no resolve to act, though it adhered unanimously to its decision that Scutari belongs irrevocably to Albania. On Tuesday the effect of this inaction was reflected by a brief *communiqué* from the Austrian Press Bureau to the effect that Austria would now find herself obliged to take the matter into her own hands. It added that conversations were proceeding with Italy. Conferences were held with the Emperor, at which the Minister of War assisted; troops were massed on the Montenegrin frontier, and the civil population of Cattaro was warned to be ready to leave the town. Everything seemed to point to isolated Austrian action, though Italy was said to be less averse from intervention since "King" Essad's escapade. Her notion was, however, not to assist at Scutari, but to occupy Vallona—an offer which has the air of a threat. King Nicholas meanwhile announced that he would delay his reply to the Powers until after the Greek Easter.

THE Ambassadors' Conference met again on Thursday. There is good reason to believe that Russia had in the interval applied some effective moral pressure at Cettinje. Her official standpoint is that she would not necessarily object to Austrian action, provided some other Power were associated with Austria in executing the will of the Concert. It is understood that Montenegro is now prepared to surrender Scutari. The remaining difficulty relates to her demands for compensation. Austria holds that Montenegro and Serbia have already been compensated by the cession of Ipek and Djakova, and that their contumacy cannot entitle them to further concessions. The middle view is that Montenegro should officially be ordered to abandon Scutari, and unofficially promised some future compensation. The problem of dealing with "King" Essad remains for the future, but this may not be so grave as it looks, if it is true that the Porte has ordered him to disband his army.

THE policy of suppressing the W.S.P.U. is now in full force. On Wednesday, its headquarters in Kingsway were raided by a strong body of police, who searched the premises, confiscated all cheque and account books and papers, arrested the chief officials and conductors of the Union's paper and propaganda, including Mrs. Drummond, hauled down its flag, and held possession. A later arrest of Miss Annie Kenney brought the number of prisoners up to seven. By a separate raid, the police also appear to have confiscated certain galleys of type to be used for the new issue of "The Suffragette," which will no longer be permitted to appear. Nevertheless, it appeared, with a new printer, on the usual day of publication. This action and the ensuing case at Bow Street were taken under the Malicious Damage to Property Act, and on the ground that, in Mr. McKenna's words, the Union was a body "charged with conspiring to incite to commit criminal offences."

MR. BODKIN's judicial statement of the charge gave it a still wider scope, and seems to us a very unusual way of presenting a judicial issue. He

declared that in view of the number and seriousness of the crimes encouraged by the Union, it was necessary to stop (1) speeches of a "violent and inflammatory" character; (2) "The Suffragette"; (3) the collection of funds. Mr. Bodkin further warned persons making approving speeches and printers printing and publishing the literature of the Union. The first class, he hinted, would be liable to prosecution; the second would be regarded as "aiders and abettors," while persons helping the Union with money would be in a "very awkward position" if discovered. This, of course, represents the most serious action taken by a British Government against any political organisation since the suppression of the Irish Land League.

THE second line of suppression is the stoppage of public meetings held by the Union. Under cover of the police prohibition, a meeting addressed by the members of the Men's League for Women's Suffrage was broken up in Hyde Park on Sunday, though it was of an entirely constitutional character, while groups of women suffragists were assaulted by the crowd, and ineffectually protected by the police. In Nottingham, the police, supported by the Watch Committee, have practically withdrawn protection from gatherings addressed by members of the Union, and, in consequence, owners of halls are withdrawing agreements to let them. This, again, is a concession to mob feeling which may be extended to all meetings in favor of the suffrage, until, in the present state of feeling on the part of men in the street, the whole movement is held up. Meanwhile, the term of Mrs. Pankhurst's licence (which she has broken) has expired, but, owing to the state of her health, she has not been rearrested. Here again, failure is certain. Mrs. Pankhurst will not obey the law. The directors of the law will not allow her to die, or to run serious risk of death, as the result of her defiance of the law. The tangle is complete.

THE Budget has been debated during the week without special damage to its structure or to the financial system on which it rests. The Opposition attack centred chiefly on Mr. Pretymann's recurring decimal of a speech on the land taxes. Mr. Pretymann's point was again the small yield of the land value duties, as compared with the cost of valuation and collection. To this Mr. Masterman replied with effect that land valuation was building up a gigantic instrument of reform, and that what it and the taxes brought in in a single year—which was about £2,500,000—would pay for its total cost. That, said Mr. Masterman, was like a merchant ship which paid for the cost of its construction in its first year. The Chancellor made the interesting announcement that, in order to clear up the doubt about the famous Lumsden case, he would insert in the Revenue Bill an amendment making it impossible to lay a tax on builders' profits. In other words, the tax in future can only be levied on proved increments of site value. Mr. Arnold, a new member of the House of Commons, in a maiden speech, contributed an interesting comparison between wealth and expenditure in this country and in Protectionist France and Germany. He estimated our total income at £2,225,000,000, and our expenditure at 75 per cent. of our income, while in France it was 15 per cent., and in Germany from 9 to 10 per cent.

COLONEL SEELY made a slightly more satisfactory, but still very ambiguous, speech on forced service to his constituents on Saturday. He again professed full adherence to the voluntary principle, and a keen desire

to strengthen it. But he complained that we had not got the home auxiliary army we wanted, and added, with much exaggeration, that without such an army we should be "in an even worse plight" than if we lacked a navy, because the most numerous and vigilant fleet could not prevent the landing of "an occasional shipload" of men. These raiders could then march through the country and dictate terms of peace! Does Colonel Seely mean that a quarter of a million of Territorials, *plus* a large body of Regulars and Reservists, could not deal with an "occasional shipload" of invaders? Meanwhile, we observe that Lord Roberts, speaking at Leeds, has raised the number of possible invaders from 70,000—a figure which he himself suggested—to 210,000 without giving any intelligible reason for the expansion. What is the worth of calculations so lightly made and forsworn?

THE Tory case against the Plural Voting Bill was presented by Mr. F. E. Smith on Wednesday, on the ground that it removed only one of many electoral anomalies, especially the unequal distribution of political power between constituencies and countries. Mr. Smith is classed as a Tory democrat, but he went so far as to argue that power of brain and character, and enterprise employed in building up a great business, ought to carry with it more political power than average incompetence. Another Tory (Sir William Bull) thought one man one vote as unfair as that a man with 10,000 shares in a company should have no more power than a man with only two; another (Lord Hugh Cecil) that voting power should be proportioned to a man's education; a third (Mr. Bramston) that his "local charities" should have something to do with it. Mr. Walsh roughly summed up these theories as "loading" the dice against the poor.

MR. PEASE, describing the scope of the Bill, stated that it would dispose of 525,000 plural votes, including 51,000 University voters, and mentioned that 35 constituencies contained more than 1,000 plural voters. Therefore the Bill, though small to look at, must have a very large political effect. A fresh line of opposition came from Mr. Snowden, who, in the name of two or three Labor members, opposed it on the ground that it did not conform with the Prime Minister's pledges, and that it was a new Cat-and-Mouse Bill, restraining the plural voter at a general election, and letting him out on licence at intervals between. The second reading was carried on Thursday by 314 votes to 227.

THE Marconi Committee has this week been subject to a dramatic and much-applauded incursion by Mr. Churchill. Mr. Powell, the acting editor of the "Financial News," in the course of an analysis of the process of working up the Marconi boom, declared that Mr. George's and Sir Rufus Isaacs's names had both been bruited abroad about the end of April or the beginning of May, 1912, in order to support the "bull" movement. He added that a third Minister had also been mentioned. The Committee insisted on his disclosing this name, and it proved to be Mr. Churchill's. Thereupon a request, very clumsily worded, was sent to Mr. Churchill, mentioning this statement, and asking for his appearance to refute it. Mr. Churchill came in a towering passion, denied with comprehensive scorn that under any circumstances, "directly or indirectly," had he any investment of any kind in Marconi shares in "any country in the inhabited globe," and trounced the Committee for lending itself to the spreading of such scandalous lies.

THE outbreak had a great public effect. Tory papers like the "Mail" and the "Pall Mall" joined the Liberal Press in denouncing the laxness of the Committee's methods, and the loose rein it had given to tittle-tattle, demanding that it should close down, or at once issue an interim report of the charges against Ministers. Mr. Booth made a motion to this effect in the Committee, but without success. Instead, the Committee agreed to close this part of its inquiry before Whitsuntide, and to prepare a special report on it immediately after. It has undoubtedly drawn too wide a bow, but we hope that Liberals will avoid even the appearance of hushing up. The Committee emanates from the High Court of Parliament, and in spite of party feeling one way and another, is trying to do its duty to the public.

MEANWHILE, the Technical Committee, which was asked to report on the merits of the existing system of wireless telegraphy, has come to a conclusion generally favorable to the Marconi Company as compared with existing rivals. It is satisfied that the Marconi Company is working "on a commercial scale" between Clifden and Glace Bay, a distance of 2,300 miles, at the rate of sixty words a minute; that the Telefunken system is not yet proved to be possible for long distances; and that the Poulsen and Goldschmidt systems are practicable for short distances. It suggests two important qualifications. While it thinks that Marconi is alone capable of serving "the Imperial chain," it holds that he should not have a monopoly of the contract, and that the Government might be well advised to construct and equip the stations. And it thinks that the Post Office ought to reserve itself "complete liberty of action" in regard to the use or disuse of any private apparatus.

MR. BURNS has burned his boats, and sallied forth to the destruction of the Baker Housing Bill, which now shares the fate of its two predecessors. He opened the proceedings before the Standing Committee with the statement that the Government refused all financial aid, on the ground that it would sterilize local action. Mr. Long said that this decision reduced the Bill to "a farce and a delusion," and its friends withdrew it. Protests against Mr. Burns's decision came from Liberal and Labor members of the Committee like Mr. Jowett, Mr. Money, and Mr. Atherley Jones. It is indeed obvious that the killing of the third of Tory Housing Bills makes Government action imperative. If the Local Government Board will not take it, some other department must. Why not the Board of Agriculture?

SIR STUART SAMUEL has been re-elected for Whitechapel by a majority of 166 (1,722 votes to 1,556). This represents a smaller Liberal majority than was obtained in the last three elections, but a larger one than fell to the successful Liberal in 1895 and 1900. There seems to have been no great swing of opinion, only a well-organised invasion of the plural voter.

THE Portuguese Republic has emerged without material damage from a curious conspiracy directed against the present Government, itself sufficiently Radical, by a yet more extreme section. It seems to have originated in two powerful societies, one a Republican Club, and the other a trade-unionist federation. There was evidently a plot to seize the warship "Sao Gabriel," on board of which 183 bombs were discovered. Some abortive attempts were also made on the depôts of several regiments. But unwary talk by officers involved in the

conspiracy led to its frustration. If one may believe the official statements, the movement had the countenance of some leading Republicans, and it is even said that Senhor Magalhaes Lima, for some time the agent of the Republic in London, was to have headed the Ministry which would have been formed if the plot had succeeded. There is evidence in all this of some serious popular discontent, and it is not necessarily a good symptom that the Chamber and Senate were unanimous in approving the measures taken by the Government. One asks how far they can be really representative.

THE action of Yuan-Shih-Kai in signing the contract for the 25 million loan with the Five Power Group without waiting for the consent of the Chinese Parliament has naturally exposed him to criticism, and prompted a violent agitation. The loan may have been the best obtainable, but it involves some degree of possibly salutary foreign control, and a Parliament which has no say in a matter of such moment may well feel alarmed for its rights. It is doubtful, however, whether the Southern Republican organisation, the Kuo-Ming-Tang, can count on much support outside its own ranks for its protests. The Parliamentary majority with which it started has dwindled away, and the native merchants of the Treaty Ports are said to resent its exactions and its incitements to unrest. Foreign opinion believes that Yuan-Shih-Kai is quietly consolidating his position, but it is not pleasant to learn that his Ministers are suspected of direct complicity in the murder of the Kuo-Ming-Tang leader, Sung. It is easier to destroy an effete and alien Empire than to create a Republic without traditions. Some central authority is indispensable, and Yuan may be the best available.

GENERAL BOTHA's Government has triumphantly survived a united attack by opposition forces, which had nothing in common, save the wish to oppose. A direct motion of want of confidence was proposed on Tuesday from the Labor benches by Mr. Creswell, whose charge was mainly general inefficiency and failure in administration. The debate soon turned, however, on the Hertzog quarrel, and developed much personal bitterness. General Botha charged General Hertzog with a hunger for office and power. General Hertzog retorted with charges of duplicity and deception. The discussion touched the questions of Imperial policy and immigration, but the main issue was General Botha's ideal of racial conciliation. The Unionists justified their opposition on the ground that while they approved of conciliation in general, they disliked General Botha's methods. Mr. Hull sided with them, and is about to resign his seat. But a vote which gave the Government a majority of 68 to 42 makes no case for an appeal to the country.

MR. BRYAN's spirited effort to persuade the Californian Legislature into an attitude of moderation has, unluckily, failed, and the Japanese problem remains acute. In his addresses to the two Houses in Joint Session, he urged one of two courses—either that the anti-Japanese Bill should be hung up to allow time for the work of diplomacy, or else that it should be drafted as a general prohibition against landowning by any foreigners. The Bill will go forward, and it will remain a proposal to prohibit landownership only where a foreigner is incapable of admission to citizenship. The insulting and exceptional exclusion therefore remains.

We shall publish next week a Memorandum on Liberal, Progressive, and Educational opinion with regard to the coming Education Bill.

Politics and Affairs.

KING ESSAD AND THE CONCERT.

It is not the safest thing in the world to make jokes at the expense of a Great Power. The first impulse of everyone who understood the inner meaning of the complicated little comedy which King Nicholas has staged at Scutari was to laugh. The after-thought is to wonder whether Austria, whose touch in Eastern affairs is seldom very light, will appreciate the delicacy of the farce with quite the same relish as its actors. The old-world diplomacy cultivated the epigram, but diplomatists have rarely entered with entire good-nature into an international farce. Their participation, when it does occur, is apt to be reluctant and unconscious.

We rather guess than know what has happened at Scutari. About what did not happen there is no longer much doubt. There was no desperate, furious bombardment; there was no terrible assault. There were no gallant charges by Servian volunteers, clothed for the occasion in Montenegrin "uniforms." The bald fact is that Essad Pasha, who long ago superseded the Turkish commandant—conveniently murdered, as other men have been who stood in this interesting personage's path—sold the place to Montenegro while it was still capable of several weeks' resistance. He obtained in exchange the recognition of his pretensions to the kingship of Albania, and what was of more importance, the right to retain the rifles and some of the guns of his Albanian troops. If Essad Pasha were playing solely for his own hand, there would be in this move the makings of a sufficiently exciting complication. Austria moves heaven and earth to save Scutari for Albania, and straightway a King arises in Albania to surrender it. The Powers discuss at leisure what princeling they will nominate to a non-existent throne, and while they talk a native magnate seats himself upon it, with a rather formidable army round him.

That King Nicholas should relish King Essad's joke is only natural. He has made more bother for the Concert than all its Notes and blockades have ever caused to him. But we gravely question whether either King deserves the credit that belongs to the arch-comedian who devised this diversion. Some organisation had been preparing this *coup* for several weeks. The first hint of it was the news that the gallant Djavid Pasha, the one Turkish General who had shown fight in Macedonia and kept an army together, was about to assert himself in Albania, not against the Balkan Allies who occupy the greater part of it, but against the provisional Nationalist Government at Vallona. When it was announced that Djavid Pasha would act as Essad's Minister of War, one caught a glimpse of the occult force behind the scenes. King Essad has hardly had time to nominate his Ambassador in London, but there was none the less someone on the spot conveniently provided with his photograph and with excerpts from his largely unprintable biography for immediate press use. The occult force is, we suppose, the Sublime Porte, or more probably the Young Turk Committee. It never

meant to allow the creation of a genuinely national Albania, if it could help it. It has always used the great Moslem noble families to repress every impulse of Albania towards civilisation. It is using King Essad to-day as much to damage the ideal of a progressive European Albania as to annoy Austria and embarrass the Concert.

The temptation to dwell on the local humors of this episode is almost irresistible. The notion of using this vivid medieval Albanian chieftain, his hands red with the murder of good Turks, in order to clamp the fetters of a Turkish connection upon an Albania that had opened her windows to the West, is almost worthy of Abdul Hamid himself. It is quite likely that there has been a treason within a treachery. King Essad was probably instructed not so much to found a dynasty of his own as to keep the throne warm for a prince of the House of Othman. But the consequences and the intention of this move go far beyond the immediate fortunes of Albania. It is, indeed, the fate of Albania to be for Turks and Allies and Concert alike the pawn in a complex game of high politics. The calculation of the Young Turks—and here King Nicholas would be cordially with them—was doubtless that this ingenious complication will at length destroy the frail unanimity of the Concert. What follows from that will be largely a matter of chance. The first and most certain consequence will doubtless be to delay the conclusion of peace between Turkey and the Balkan League. That, in the deplorable position of the Allies' relations, would seem to be primarily a Servian interest. So long as Bulgaria is compelled to maintain the best part of her army in front of Tchataldja and Gallipoli, so long will the Servians and the Greeks be enabled to entrench themselves with safety on the claims which they have pegged out. They have had no Turks to face, if we except the episode of Jannina, since the distant battles of November. Every delay in the conclusion of peace works to the disadvantage of the ally who has borne the brunt of the war, and is destined, if Servia and Greece should have their way, to draw the least profit from the victory in which she bore the bravest share.

The plot has been very cleverly laid, but the schemers will have no right to complain if their cunning provokes a simple and forcible answer. It was hardly necessary for the Austrian Press Bureau, which still seems to speak rather for the next emperor than for the reigning monarch and his Ministers, to assure us that Austria cannot wait indefinitely for the Concert to unite on some effective plan of action. If Austrian policy be judged, as it should be judged, by the acts of Count Berchtold and not by the words of the chartered incendiaries who conduct its official mouthpiece, it has been throughout this Balkan crisis both moderate and patient. Had Baron von Aerenthal been alive, his first act when the war broke out would probably have been to occupy the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, and his next to warn the Servians against any infringement whatever of Albanian territory. There would have been no Concert and there might have been a Russo-Austrian war. But we are fairly sure that King Nicholas would not have used against the man who managed the Bosnian *coup de main*

the tactics of the *enfant terrible* which he has so far employed with complete impunity against his successor. There may be a question as to how and when Montenegro shall be required to accept a verdict which is the unanimous finding of Europe, but there can be no question at all, unless Russia is prepared for a public disloyalty, that Europe must devise some effective steps and devise them without delay. It is a natural instinct which shrinks from coercing a little State, but it is also in this instance a very sentimental instinct. There is no question of "robbing Montenegro of the fruits of victory." She won no victory. It is at once bad policy and bad justice to suggest that she should be compensated with a fresh slice of Albania as the price of abandoning Scutari. It is bad policy, for it sets a precedent which Greece and Serbia, entrenched in Southern and Central Albania, will know how to improve when the moment comes for them to march out. It is bad justice, because other Albanian towns have already been bartered against Scutari. The military problem of dislodging the Montenegrins from Scutari would disappear if the Concert were really united. Their desperate valor we must take on trust. It would yield, we suspect, to a nominal landing party from the ships if so much as a Russian midshipman marched with it. King Nicholas depends in time of peace on his regular annual Russian subsidy, not to mention the larger gifts of money and munitions which times of crisis have usually brought him. If he were to see even the frown that threatened the withdrawal of this indispensable aid, there would no longer be a question of Scutari. Paris was worth a mass, but Scutari is not worth a subsidy.

It would be well, in view of the risk that Austria may be driven or improperly urged into isolated action, to realise the irritation which the notorious relation of Montenegro to Russia provokes in Vienna. Russia has played in the Concert her natural and historical rôle as the advocate of the Slav cause. She has driven a hard bargain with Austria, and won for the Servians an amount of compensation at the expense of Albania to which they had no shadow of claim on ethnographical grounds. In appearance it is not Russia but only Montenegro which refuses to ratify the bargain by delivering Scutari. In fact, we all know that Montenegro is Russia's vassal, and that she would obey a hint from her where she defies a command from the Concert. That hint appears to have been given, and to have produced its inevitable effect. If indeed Russia has decided that she cannot in honor support her client in frustrating a bargain which she herself concluded, all may be well. But too much hangs on this issue to allow of any hesitation. A break-up of the Concert means, in the first place, the delay of peace between Turkey and the League. That in its turn entails the complication of the Macedonian settlement, with consequences fatal to Bulgaria. It means, finally, that no suitable arrangement can be made for the future of Albania, which clearly cannot be left a prey to the pretensions of self-appointed kings with Turkish arms and Turkish backing behind them. For the moment, indeed, nothing presses, save the necessity of preventing a false move. Worst of all would be a military

intervention by Austria acting alone and against the opinion of the Concert. There is still a fair chance that Russia will apply moral pressure, and that Montenegro will yield. If in the end Austria's troops march in, they ought to go accompanied by at least a corporal's guard from other Powers, so that it might be made clear that she was acting, not on the spur of private ambition or anger, but as the mandatory of Europe.

A PLAIN WORD TO COLONEL SEELY.

COLONEL SEELY'S speeches on conscription remind us not so much of the observations of a traveller in Laputa as of a Laputan suddenly set down in a country where average workaday methods and habits of thought prevail. Let us, therefore, act in his behalf the humble part of the "flapper," whose business it was to recall the wandering Laputan intellect to the subject in hand. And, first, let us remind our Laputan of the physical geography of this problem of national defence. This country is an island; and islands are defended and attacked by men in ships. Therefore, Colonel Seely's concern in this matter is secondary and not primary. Furthermore, Colonel Seely is, by adoption at least, a Liberal; and when he considers the question of defence, he must remember that Liberals approach it from three governing points of view. The first is that they would as soon dream of going back to forced service as to chattel slavery. The second is that they believe in government not by soldiers but by statesmen; and the third is that as they are in the habit of putting the horse before the cart, they look to policy as a means of measuring armaments, not to armaments as a determinant of policy. When he has taken these elementary bearings, the War Secretary will be able to adjust his personal action to them. It was a simple rule of one of his predecessors to deal in the following fashion with the not inconsiderable number of general officers who seek to overbear their civilian chief: "When I have trouble and threatened resignations from my generals, I always say to General Hipkins, 'I am very sorry, but, of course, if you adopt this line, I shall be reluctantly compelled to ask General Pipkins to take your place.' " This Machiavellian statesman then explained that as (next to the service of King and country) it was the chief object of General Hipkins's life to thwart, belittle, and keep down the malignant and incompetent Pipkins, he usually found this plan of campaign effective.

Now our quarrel with Colonel Seely is not that he has failed to do ample lip-service to the voluntary principle, but that he has misconceived and mis-stated the ground on which it rests. We do not complain that his tone to the conscriptionists is one of polite deference. For our part, we regard their movement as a conspiracy and, *pace* Mr. Chesterton, we shall continue so to describe it. The modern conspirator does not go about visibly attired in mask and domino, like the plotters of the drama of cape and sword. The thing in which the conscriptionist is masked and enveloped is the plausible and popular pretence that he is in agonies about invasion, when we know that he laughs at invasion, and is merely manœuvring so as to secure a great standing army for service in Northern

France or Belgium, under a bond of military alliance with the French Republic. Now, if Colonel Seely really desires to fight conscription, it is his business to expose this project. He is perfectly well aware of it, for it has already been discussed and rejected in Cabinet, and is the constant theme of our conscriptionist soldiers and sailors. Its advocates may be perfectly patriotic persons, for it has always been possible to associate with the love of one's country the most unwise and the most shameful disservice to it. But they are no fit recipients of such platform tributes as Colonel Seely lately proposed to pay them. For on his own statement, they have been guilty of the indiscipline and the impropriety of "crabbing" the Territorials, and of discouraging the enlistment of men and their training at the hands of an adequate number of skilled officers.

Unfortunately, these are precisely the tactics to which Colonel Seely's ill-advised method of stating the problem of invasion has given encouragement. In the debate on Mr. Sandys's Bill he would not even allow Mr. Bonar Law to quote him as saying that our position, under the present combination of a vast fleet with a highly trained regular army and its reserves, and an excellent auxiliary force of a quarter of a million of Territorials, was a safe one. What right had he to make any such reservation? What ground had he for suggesting that we are in any vital trouble about invasion, merely because we are some thousands short of the extreme limits assigned to the Territorial force? It is quite true that in fixing the character of the Territorial Army, Lord Haldane hoped that it would reach a war strength of 300,000 men. There is every reason to suppose that this very high figure is attainable. But the Lord Chancellor added that in time of peace this force "need not exceed" a quarter of a million. This figure has been reached and passed. It represents a larger, and a much better trained, armed, and organised body of auxiliaries than the late Unionist Government maintained under the name of Volunteers. What has happened to make such a scheme of defence inadequate? The conscriptionists strain every nerve to make it seem so, in order that, if possible, they can secure their capital position. That is, to get the figure of 70,000 possible "raiders" raised, and then to wring from a pliable War Secretary a certificate—which he has all but given them already—of the incompetence of the Territorials. The airy fancy of Lord Roberts has already blown these invaders to 210,000. How a raiding army—or even Colonel Seely's "occasional shiploads" of invaders—could ever get here, so long as our fleet remained unbeaten, or what they could do *when* they got here, save starve and surrender, these high strategists do not stoop to inquire.* But if they could induce the Defence Committee to enlarge its first and very liberal estimate of a *possible* invading force their business would be done, or half done, for voluntary service would have "broken down," and, under the guise of a defensive army, they could proceed with their real project of nursing a scheme for Continental offence.

* See an excellent analysis of this point in the third of Mr. Hannay's articles in the "Westminster Gazette."

So far, therefore, from opposing barriers to this plan, the War Secretary has pulled them down. But this would have been impossible if he had realised the confusion of thought and the contempt for facts which beset the conscriptionist so far as he honestly presents the conception of policy that is in his mind. What do the industrialists of these islands want in the way of national and Imperial safety? The preservation of these shores and of our dependencies from invasion, and of the trade routes from molestation. For that task, which involves the use of sea-power, not of land-power, we make double provision. We have the advantage of acting from the most magnificent strategic position in the world, linked up by a system of wireless telegraphy which would have relieved all Nelson's anxieties. The Armada thus situated consists of fighting fleets able to destroy, blockade, nullify any probable combination of enemies, and of a vast cloud of swift and powerful cruisers, able to deal with the very few stray hostile ships which might be detached from their main force. If these functions are successfully performed, the country is safe and victorious, and the mere slipping through of a few thousand raiders will not affect the issue. If they fail, and the trade routes are seriously interrupted, nothing can save us. But till that matter is settled the full complement of regular soldiers does not leave these shores. When they do leave them, it will be because the main question is settled, and the Territorials can safely be left to deal with its pieces. What can be simpler? And what more malign policy can be imagined than that which would distract the fleet from this capital task, and encumber it with the escort of a great army of invasion? This is necessary, we are told, to avert a German occupation of Northern France. Well, Northern France, or part of it, was occupied in 1870, and the British Empire did not exactly come to an end. Nor would it to-morrow as long as the incontestable and incomparable superiority of our fleets remained unimpaired, and enabled us to intervene with crushing weight both in war and in diplomacy.

To this policy of Continentalism the good sense of the people—their industrial habits and preoccupations, and the traditional view of their statesmen—are irrevocably opposed. It has already become obsolete with the resumption of our normal relationship with Germany and her acceptance of a much inferior standard of war ships. The first parallels to it can only be opened through the detested methods of the press-gang and the military court, and if Colonel Seely or any other member of the Cabinet holds parley with it, he will open a quarrel with the whole Liberal Party to which there can be only one end.

MR. BRYAN'S PEACE PROPOSAL.

SPEAKING, the other evening, at the annual dinner of the Cobden Club, Lord Beauchamp reminded his audience that Free Trade was, in the policy of Cobden, chiefly valued as the straightest and most practicable path towards peace and goodwill among nations. It is, therefore, no mere coincidence that the new tariff proposals of the United States should be accompanied by a strenuous endeavor of the new Executive, not merely to

secure a just settlement of definite outstanding differences with foreign nations in connection with the Panama Canal or the Californian anti-Asiatic policy, but to make a larger contribution to the civilisation of the world by pacific proposals of a more general character. The time is opportune, the need is great. And America is better fitted, under the new impetus of a powerful reforming Government, to take the initiative than any of those European Powers that stand glaring at each other across their fortified frontiers. America's new fiscal policy means for her a rapid growth of foreign trade and a correspondingly rapid enlargement of all her foreign interests and activities. In the near future she will find that she can stand aside from none of the great happenings in Europe or in Asia, and that she is necessarily drawn into all the Balances and Concerts of the Powers.

Shall she, then, simply allow herself to be sucked into the vortex of European militarism, to succumb without a struggle to the outworn barbarian creeds of Old-World despotisms, to abandon the higher moral ideals which inspired the religious and political makers of America, and which have always shone as beacon lights through the efforts and achievements of her great representative men? To a Washington, a Jefferson, an Emerson, a Lincoln, the vision of America was never merely of an isolated society secure in its own liberties and material prosperity. It was of a nation which, relieved from many of the conflicts and burdensome traditions of the Old World, would be able to work out in a liberal atmosphere the great problems of equitable human government, and by this example lend a helping hand to the less enlightened peoples of the earth. Whether we take the narrower consideration or the wider, America's duty to her better self or her contribution to the progress of humanity, the present appeal for definite constructive, reasoned conduct, as against the blind drift of a destiny which is only "manifest" when it is too late, is of critical importance. It is not for nothing that a great surge of genuinely democratic passion has placed in the seat of authority men of such sound and powerful principles as Dr. Woodrow Wilson and his new Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan. These men and their country are not yet actively embroiled in the troublesome and dangerous issues which are driving all the nations of Europe into desperate courses. They have indeed been led by a sudden access of temptation a little way down the descent to imperialism and militarism. But they are not committed to these policies either by conviction or by conduct. The best thought and feeling of their people are against going any further. But as their relations of commerce and finance with other countries open out, a merely negative policy would be impossible to maintain. America must endeavor to lay a practical business basis for her coming relations with foreign States.

It is these general reflections that give meaning and importance to the scheme of conciliation which Mr. Bryan has just outlined. It is no use exaggerating the pacific character of the Americans. They are not, and never have professed to be, for peace at any price. The result of the recent experiment towards a full reciprocity treaty with Great Britain has been to show that the

recalcitrance of the Senate has a strong support in the sentiments of the people. The nature of this feeling has been manifested in the Panama discussion. It is there seen that though not only the best but the largest volume of informed opinion favors an amendment of the Act that will withdraw the right to discriminate in favor of American shipping, great reluctance is shown to submitting the decision to a court constituted by the European States. The Americans would prefer to do justice themselves rather than have it imposed upon them by a court which, according to their thinking, could not be unbiassed. Can nothing, then, be done to avert and to diminish the possibilities of conflict? America is not now prepared to propose compulsory arbitration for all issues between all nations, or even between herself and the country with whom such a complete arrangement would be easiest and least risky. Nor, if she were prepared, is there any likelihood of the early general adoption of such an advanced policy. But can America, then, effect nothing? Yes. She can follow the same course that is being followed in the pacific settlement of conflicts between capital and labor. Neither party will abandon the right to strike. But it may be possible to induce them to undertake to interpose a stage of inquiry which shall also afford time and opportunities for reasonable settlement. If, either by legal obligation or by private agreement, the two parties will give a general undertaking to submit all issues to this procedure, a substantial though not a certain guarantee of peace has been obtained. Mr. Bryan's proposal, in its substance, closely resembles this method of industrial conciliation, as exemplified in the Industrial Disputes Conciliation Act of Canada. He would empower an International Commission to investigate the issues of fact in any difference arising between two Governments, with no power to render an award, but merely to report to the two Governments their findings, leaving it to these Governments to determine freely whether to submit the issue to a Court of Arbitration or to settle it by diplomacy, or, in the last resort, by force. An essential condition to the efficacy of this proposal is that, pending the investigation and the submission of the Report, the two Powers shall have undertaken to make no increase of armaments and to take no steps in mobilisation, calling out of reserves, or other military preparations.

The proposition is not a novel one, but an extension and strengthening of a clause in Part III. of The Hague Convention dealing with "International Commissions of Inquiry." That clause, however, makes the inquiry optional and not obligatory, renders it of dubious application in disputes involving honor or vital interests, and provides no sufficient securities for the maintenance of the *status quo* pending the inquiry. We believe that Mr. Bryan's proposal, if backed by the full support of the American Government, represents just that measure of advance along the path of peace for which the limited intelligence and conscience of the nations are ripe. To a nation contemplating the use of force for the committal of a crime, it will furnish an interval for reflection and possible repentance; it will supply to other nations a fund of information that will enable them to form a judgment which must carry weight with the

contesting parties; and, finally, it will make it increasingly difficult for the disputants to refuse an invitation to submit their case to arbitration. We make no doubt that Mr. Bryan's valuable proposal will be thoroughly canvassed by the important British delegates who are now crossing the Atlantic in order to make concerted arrangements with representatives of the United States and Canada for celebrating the hundred years' peace between Great Britain and America. The omens are favorable. Our people and our Government should warmly co-operate with the United States in urging this measure upon the other Powers.

THE STATE AND THE ARTS.

"GIVE a number of trees of the same species to gardeners of different schools, and you will see them vary strangely by reason of the cultivation they receive. Princes are gardeners; men, who are the same by nature, are differentiated under their hands." The quotation hardly needs a signature. It bears its own date. It comes from the ardent chaotic pages of Baron Holbach, but it might have been written by any of the Encyclopedists, and in any of the twenty years that preceded the French Revolution. That naïve confidence in the power of deliberate cultivation to alter human nature has gone out of fashion hardly less completely than the formal gardens which supplied Holbach with his illustration. The chances are that we are poorer for the loss, for with the faith that men can be rapidly changed much of the old impulse has gone from the work of reform. It is our blindness to the influence which the work of the State may have on the whole growth and formation of the national mind, no less than our rooted individualism, which has made us as a people so curiously reluctant to follow Continental States in the encouragement of the arts. We have no National Theatre, and we have no Ministry of the Fine Arts, primarily because we under-estimate the social importance of beauty. But it would be equally true to say that we under-estimate the place of beauty in the national life largely because no State institution exists to recognise it and incarnate it. We are fully aware of the part which institutions may play in fettering the advance of the younger schools, in subsidising the competent and conservative achievement of the less daring and independent artist. But the pioneer is not alone of value, nor is the last chapter of advance the only page worth reading in the book of art. From a fear to hamper the pioneers we starve the main army, and lest we should check revolt, we shrink from establishing a standard. The main truth beyond these alarms and calculations is that a more generous recognition by the State of the whole place of beauty in our national life would in the end transform the attitude of the average man who respects only what is formally recognised. Princely "gardeners" gave the arts their status in France, and by their patronage helped to create a general regard, a daily awareness of beauty, which is lacking among ourselves. The gain to us from an imitation of that example would be, not merely the encouragement of our artists, but the slow transformation of the plain man's thinking.

The demand for a National Theatre meets at length with an acceptance so general that it seems to wait only for the inevitable Ministerial decision. But that decision will only state the problem. In whose hands will the control of this theatre be? With whom will it lie to settle the general lines of its policy and to state the ideal of its work? The division of opinion between those who ask only for a subsidised classical stage and those who desire to see a theatre which will be a free organ of criticism is quite as sharp as the opposition between those who oppose and those who support the bare general idea of a national institution. The danger is of some purely haphazard solution, and the vesting of control in some body of trustees who may be as little able to make good their demands and as little amenable to public criticism as the governors of the National Gallery. If at last we are coming to the opinion that they manage these things better in France, there is everything to be said for adopting the French system of direction and control. We ought not to embark on a new adventure so promising as a National Theatre without reviewing the case for the creation of a Ministry of the Fine Arts. The problem of the Stage is only one of many which call for a reconsideration in the attitude of the State. We are continually reminded of our failure to organise our collective action where the interests of art or natural beauty are at stake. Now it is an "old master" which migrates to America amid general shame because no adequate fund is available for its purchase. Or again the purchase is effected, but by means of a campaign of publicity which enhances the price and renders hopeless any cool judgment upon the merits of the suddenly advertised treasure. It is rarely that a month passes without some alarm lest a beautiful old house should be demolished, an historical monument destroyed, or a landscape which was a public delight—as in the pending case of Box Hill, one of the loveliest scenes in England—ruined for private profit or selfish pleasure. Somehow, by newspaper enterprise and the public spirit of rich men, we muddle through. But our wonder and self-congratulation when something is saved serve only to blind us to the magnitude and the frequency of our losses.

The French precedent exhibits the only orderly and systematic method of facing all these manifold problems. Under a single Ministry of Fine Arts, with its own separate budget, it is possible to bring about some co-ordination in all the national efforts to promote the arts, and to observe some proportion in the national expenditure devoted to them. There is ample scope at the head of this department for the talents of a man who has the tact and taste for this enviable form of public service. What he does is done publicly, and his policy attracts attention and criticism enough to stimulate ambition, and to galvanise even the mere place-hunter into energy. The liberality of the Republic towards its theatres, its art collections, and its college of music, is sufficiently well-known. There is no less to be learned from some of the later extensions of the activities of this Ministry. A recent Act has empowered it to compile a list of places and buildings of historical or architectural interest or natural beauty, to undertake their protection, if the owner assents, and in

extreme cases to expropriate him when he refuses. It is a broad policy of conservation, which, not content with possessing the finest galleries and museums in Europe, insists on extending the same care and the same alert interest to great architecture and beautiful landscapes. The zeal and generosity of the State do not appear to depress private initiative, nor to check private munificence. The great sums annually spent from the budget of the Ministry in the purchase of works of art are supplemented by the proceeds of some magnificent bequests, and by the gifts and subscriptions of a whole series of clubs and societies. So far from exceeding the limits of what the French public is prepared to spend on art, the national effort seems rather to set an example which provincial municipalities and the City of Paris vie with one another in following. The present Minister has not been content to maintain the traditional theatres in Paris. He has lately co-operated with an energetic private society in subsidising travelling theatres, which carry to the village something rather better than the "circuses" which the great Lord Salisbury prescribed as a cure for rural depopulation. The reader who cares to form some idea of what such a Ministry can do, both for the liberal arts and for the application of art to manufacture, would do well to consult Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's timely pamphlet ("Wanted: A Ministry of Fine Arts." Hugh Rees). Our plight at present is one of total neglect as regards the theatre and music. The other arts have extorted some grudging recognition. That partiality admits of no reasonable defence; it almost lacks defenders.

A London Diary.

THE complication about Scutari has had one very unfortunate effect. It has stopped an early signing of the Treaty of Peace. The Powers at first suggested that this should be drawn up by the Allies. To which the Allies replied with great tact that, as the Powers had settled the general conditions of the settlement, it would be better for them to fix its precise terms. To this the Powers assented, and as the questions of the Ægean Islands and of Albania are remitted, the matter of the Treaty is really confined to the delimitation of the boundaries in Thrace. If things had gone well, the draft of the actual Treaty might by this time have been transmitted from the Council of Ambassadors to the Governments of the Allies.

BENEATH all the outer movements of our politics, one feels the sharp under-tow of the woman's question. Among Liberals two quite distracting currents are flowing. One runs in the constituencies. The managers everywhere report the repellent effect of the outrages. Members who had held on to the fence find themselves encouraged by it to come out against the suffrage, and are greeted with "prolonged applause" and the rest of it. And among some Liberal Associations there is a deep strain of dislike and fear of the whole movement. These things tend to the defeat of the Dickinson Bill, and, in some calculations, to the definite and final repulse of the whole agitation, constitutional and unconstitutional.

BUT the longer observers do not reason or feel in this fashion. They do not think that the violent movement will die away under coercion, or steadily decrease. And they look with foreboding to the hour when, if the Dickinson Bill is most unhappily defeated on second reading, Liberalism will only speak to the suffragists in terms of force. For force is assuming the guise most distasteful to Liberals, and most suggestive of the unfortunate dealings with the Land League, namely, the interference with public meeting, and the suppression of a political society. Doubtless the provocation has been gross, the public danger and scandal serious. The society may be said to have made crime a chief, though not an exclusive, method. But now it is driven underground, forced, maybe, to change its title, to meet and act in absolute secrecy, to publish broad-sheets without the printer's name. Is that likely to better its character, to give the wiser and cooler heads a chance of restraining the utterly reckless and inexperienced?

OR take the interference with public meetings. Apparently one blunder has already been made in allowing the mob to break up a meeting in Hyde Park conducted not by the W.S.P.U., but by the Men's League for Woman Suffrage, a branch of the movement which is opposed to militancy and is not even anti-governmental. Again, what is the precise legality of the measures taken against the offending body? It seems doubtful whether the fact that a public body is acting (in one of its activities) illegally, makes its every other action, such as the promotion of the suffrage by argument in a public space, illegal also. And is it not better to arrest a man or a woman after advocating or excusing crime rather than to assume that crime is going to be advocated? Quite as questionable is the failure of the police to protect the suffragettes in the park from mob violence. It is not a crime for a woman to appear in Hyde Park and to be in favor of woman suffrage. Yet persons so appearing and so thinking have been assaulted and maltreated without any serious attempt to protect them beyond the actual gates of the park. Here are the first crop of difficulties—all arising, thick and stubborn, round Mr. McKenna's feet in the first fortnight of the new coercion. To what dimensions will they grow in the next few months?

MEANWHILE I am afraid that a fairly large number of members will find it convenient to begin their Whitsuntide holiday this week-end. The division on the Women's Franchise Bill will therefore be numerically small, and the debate is also to be shorn of the attraction (if that is the right word to use) of a number of Ministerial speeches. It is arranged that only two are to be delivered—one for and one against. The hostile speech will come from the Prime Minister, the friendly one from Sir Edward Grey.

THE Conscriptionists appear to be hoping something, or even a good deal, from the re-examination by the Committee of Defence of the old problem of invasion. Why the Committee should reconsider it at all, or what it has to reconsider except the terrible death-roll among military and naval airmen, I do not know, but it is tolerably certain that these hopes are destined to an early

frost. Signs of this chilling prospect appeared in the House of Lords last week, when Mr. Balfour's election was contemptuously and even angrily criticised. And yet, if Mr. Balfour could be induced to change his view of defence, all might be well! But has he? One sometimes hears the names of two, or even three, Ministers quoted (rightly or wrongly) as heretics on voluntary service; but I have never known Mr. Balfour's name to be linked with them. And anyone who looks at the membership of the Committee will soon see on which side the balance of intellectual power and authority lies.

I AM glad to hear of the formation of a Voluntary Service League, which is to be started soon and will have the advice and help of some of our ablest publicists.

MODESTY is not an obtrusive characteristic of Members of Parliament, but Mr. Sydney Arnold, who has sat silent in the House for over a year, contrived to reap its reward in his speech in the Budget debate. It was, I think, the best maiden speech made in this Parliament. It showed a singular and indeed an original mastery not only of figures (which Mr. Arnold reeled off in millions without a note) but of the real intricacies of finance. He has also the rare gift of clear exposition and persuasive speaking on a highly technical subject. The debate contained some excellent speeches (including Mr. George's and Mr. Masterman's), but I rank Mr. Arnold's first. He should go far.

IN the Budget debates this week Tariff Reform "shammed dead" almost to the end, and might have been entirely forgotten but for a spasmodic and rather farcical little revolt which came to enliven the closing half-hour of a three days' talk on land taxation. By that time Mr. Bonar Law had gone, the greater Unionist guns had fired their last shot, and consequently there was no danger of Mr. Rowland Hunt, or Mr. Peto, or Sir Arthur Boscawen being blown out of the water for mutiny. To find a parallel for this derisory treatment of a sacred cause by its devotees we have to go back more than ten years when, just as our Hunts and Boscawens are doing to-day, the late Sir Howard Vincent used to get up at the fag-end of every Budget debate and put in a forlorn word (to which nobody ever listened) for a revival of the Protectionist system of our forefathers. For the moment, Tariff Reform seems to have swung back to precisely the same phase—the phase, that is to say, of an occasional pious mortuary tribute.

WHY, one is tempted to ask, is Mr. Pretymann so frequently chosen in fiscal debates as spokesman of the Opposition? I imagine that, apart from an extremely small section of the squirearchy, his party would much prefer to see their case left to Mr. Austen Chamberlain's broader yet more discreet handling, and to hear it stated in accents less broken by the consciousness of a constantly accumulating burden of site increment. Although the Chancellor may have exaggerated in his bantering estimate of Mr. Pretymann's disservices to Unionism, I think there is a feeling on the Unionist side, especially among members for industrial divisions, that harm has been done to the party by its enforced association with the personal grievances of certain great landowners. One

of the puzzles of the position is Mr. Bonar Law's well-known coldness towards such manifestations.

I IMAGINE that the decision which led to the summoning of Mr. Churchill before the Marconi Committee was taken almost exclusively on a party vote, and in the absence of one or two Liberal members of the Committee. Some misunderstanding seems to have occurred in the sending of the letter to which Mr. Churchill took such vehement exception. What was probably intended was that the facts of the earlier proceedings, so far as they had touched on his name, should be put before him, and that it should then be left to himself to take such further action as might seem proper.

I RECEIVE the following from a famous hand:—

GENTLEMEN ALL.

"We are the gentlemanly party." Ay!
This be their motto. Grave it on their tomb.
History may record some slight mistakes:
The prostitution of the House of Lords;
The Boer War—"no mounted men required";
The great surrender to the gods of Beer . . .
So be it. But through all the shifting sands
Of policy—mistaken, if you will—
One gleam they followed, sought one noble end.
That be their motto. Now that they are dead
(If they are dead. If not, when they are dead)
Grave it with reverence upon their tomb:
"Stupid, perhaps, but always gentlemen."

Gentlemen always. Is it not enough?
Let statesmanship assume its proper place.
What matter if they put a tax on food,
Or not on food; or do not rightly know
If corn is food; or if a tax on corn
Will stimulate the corn; or stimulate
The mere consumer; or the Colonies;
After a few elections . . . or before;
And if this tax on corn is better called
A "sacrifice" or "boon"? What matters it,
So we are ruled by perfect gentlemen?

"Mother, what is a perfect gentleman?"
How shall the mother answer? Let her take
Her babe to Westminster, and stand outside
The gates of Parliament, and show her babe
The gentlemanly party going in.
"There, baby, see the pretty gentlemen!
The pretty gentleman who threw the book;
The gentleman that cried 'Who killed the King?'
The leading gentleman who told his rival,
'Principles? Why, you have no principles.'
Ah, baby! here's a kindly gentleman,
Perhaps the finest gentleman of all:
Through him the nation lost a princely gift,
Yet did not mind, still having Mr. Moore.
And here's another—Mr. Kebty-Fletcher,
A rare and courteous English gentleman;
Grow up like him, my child, and you may be
Yourself the greatest statesman of them all,
The glory of the gentlemanly party."
So shall the mother well instruct her babe,
What time the Tory gentlemen pass in;
And in a little while one gentleman
Shall bellow "Traitor!" and another "Cad!"
And one (more subtle, but no less refined)
"Bucket shop swindler!" All in perfect taste,
Such as befits an English gentleman.

"We are the gentlemanly party." Ay!
Themselves have said it, and they ought to know.
The tactful streams of slander and abuse,
The graceful innuendoes, whisperings,
The "Have you heard the last about Lloyd George?"
The "Did you know that Samuel's made his pile?"—
Courteous hints of bribery and theft,
Charges (quite delicate) of treachery,
Well-bred suggestions of adultery,
Flow on between the City and the House
From Tory lips—from gentle Tory lips.
"We are the gentlemanly party." . . .

Lord,
I thank Thee I am not a gentleman. A. A. MILNE.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

PRAYERS AND WORKS FOR CHINA.

WHAT times we live in! Last Sunday in our churches and chapels we were offering collective prayers for the success of the revolutionary Republic established in China, and requesting the Almighty to bring pressure on the Powers to recognise that Government. And, what is more, we were doing this as the result of an official request made by the Chinese Government to the Christian Churches. What are we to think of it? Have the three centuries of patient missionary toil, with its slow tale of conversions never keeping pace with the swelling tide of population in this prolific country, suddenly burst into triumphant fruitage? Asia has ever been the realm of miracles, and the age we live in has seen many wonders in the Far East. There were incredulous folk who, even after the visible transformation of Japan, were confident that nothing could stir the deeper-rooted conservatism of China. Yet all the time the sap was rising in the new hidden shoots, the withered branches fell away, and a fresh China came into being, eager to adopt the most advanced electoral institutions, to scrap its antique learning, and take on Western science, to develop mines and defy the Fung-shui, to open every eye and unbind every foot. Where are the doctrines of continuity and slow gradual evolution in face of such happenings? Even our men of science have been sensible enough to hedge against their earlier dogmatism and to afford a formal recognition of the miraculous under the head of "mutations."

But if large sudden changes may occur on the physical plane, how much more credible appear great swift mutations in the thoughts and hearts of men! Why should not a people who in the twinkling of an eye pass from theocracy to parliamentary government shed with similar celerity what Lord William Cecil calls their "old useless beliefs" and take on Western Christianity? We have only got to realise Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism as "decaying pagan creeds," in order to attribute to Christianity in China a conquering career analogous to that which it experienced in the Roman Empire during the third century. Indeed, what further witness than this official appeal to the Christian Churches do we need to justify the "British Weekly's" headline, "China for Christianity"? How feeble of faith appear those who plead for caution in the acceptance of these miracles, who would remind us that the creeds which have been the spiritual nutriment of a civilisation far more ancient, far more extensive, and in its foundations of peace and industry far more successful than any that Europe can boast, cannot safely be dismissed on the authority of Lord William Cecil as entirely "useless"! Nay, how deplorably cynical appear the warnings of those who, more familiar with the diplomatic methods of Chinese statesmen, suggest that this appeal to the Christian Churches is no token of a change of heart, but is a counsel of discretion!

There would, to be sure, be no vulgar hypocrisy in such an attitude, nothing out of keeping with the Oriental courtesies. China has always shown not merely toleration but liberality in her official treatment of differing creeds, and though local fanaticism, usually aroused by the indiscretions of missionaries or their converts, has led to sporadic violence, far more liberty has been accorded to foreigners to propagate their necessarily distasteful doctrines than are accorded in most countries of the Western world. It is perhaps quite conceivable that official authority in China might take a further step and put Christianity, as it were, upon the list of "recognised" religions. But the notion that anything more is implied in this polite request for prayers shows a quite abysmal misconception of Orientalism. The point of discretion is so obvious. It is a matter of such serious urgency to conciliate the great Christian nations. What more natural then, than to appeal to the good-will of those who in their own land are in closest spiritual communion with the great Western world? It is surely needless to impute to the

educated statesmen who are steering the new course of China a personal belief in the miraculous powers of an alien Deity when they are aware that the favorable attention produced by their appeal has a potent efficacy of its own to realise the contents of the supplication. If the Christian congregations pray for a recognition by the Powers, shall the Christian Powers themselves withhold fulfilment?

But there remains another, more serious, question for consideration. It is natural enough that the native Christian Churches in China should pray for the success of their Government and the prosperity of the nation to which they belong. They have an earnest, a near, and a passionate interest in this cause. There is no such explanation of the rite observed last Sunday in our churches. The great mass of our people know nothing and care less about China. Those who do care a little in a general way, as humanitarians or as propagandist Christians, are aware that they know nothing of the merits of the new Chinese Government or of the desirability of according the recognition it requests. The clergy who led them in this prayer are aware, or ought to be, that their knowledge of these material issues is no greater. Nay, we would go further, and ask whether the worshippers who offered up this form of words really think and feel that, if things now go badly in China, or if our cautious Government abstains from recognising the Chinese Republic, it is because they did not pray extensively or intensively enough?

Such questions have only to be put in order that the unreality, the inadequacy, of Sunday's rite, may be manifest. A little momentary flutter of spiritual sentimentalism, devoid of substance, direction, or duration, will never, with the sincerely religious, take on the appearance of a "soul's sincere desire." How delusive such an appearance is could only be fully disclosed by a full history of the dealings of Christendom with China. Not by a few amiable words on Sunday, but by their works, ye shall know them. Has the conduct of the great Christian nations towards China been of such a character as to predispose her to shed her "old useless beliefs" and take on ours? Has Christianity in China kept itself so separate from commerce and finance, territorial acquisition, political and military aggression—has it shone out so brightly in the lives of the traders, officials, travellers, who by reason of their numbers and variety of occupations are rightly held more representative of Christendom than the missionaries? Let the Opium Wars, the arrogant doctrine of extra-territoriality, the bartering of dead missionaries for Treaty-ports and concessions on the Yang Tse, let the wholesale butchery and pillage of the Christian Allies on the march to Peking, testify. Are trade, railroad and mining concessions, profitable loans, accompanied by political wedges, the veritable objects of our prayers for China? Dare we put our hands on our hearts and say they are not? If the real will of this or any other Christian nation were with China out of a single regard for that people's welfare, if there were any clear and passionate desire to extend the bonds of human sympathy to a peaceful and a meritorious people, and to welcome her within the society of the civilised powers upon terms of equal humanity, there would indeed be a great spiritual significance in last Sunday's supplication. But as matters actually stand, can this country clear itself of the fault of the other Pharisee who prayed in public? We cite, in conclusion, the following opening sentences of last Monday's leader in the "Times," which, by design or otherwise, brings into such close conjunction the true and the false in the balance of our current account with China: "The prayers which were offered up yesterday in so many Christian Churches for the welfare of China are evidently much needed by that distressful Republic. The prolonged negotiations about the loan have, indeed, been brought to a successful end at last. In the small hours of Sunday morning, the Prime Minister and the Ministers for Foreign Affairs and for Finance affixed their names to the loan agreement, as did the representatives of the five banking groups." The only remark we would append to this interesting contrast between the observance of Sunday at Peking and at London is that

this signature by the Chinese Ministers was made in express violation of the constitutional rights of the National Assembly for whose welfare prayers were requested from the Christian Churches.

THE MAGIC OF PERSONAL ASCENDANCY.

THE late Francis Galton tells us in his "Memories" that he once in his life "experienced the influence of Personal Ascendancy in that high degree which some great personalities have exercised." The occasion was the arrival of Garibaldi in London. Galton says:—

"I was standing in Trafalgar Square when he reached it, driving up Parliament Street. His vehicle was a shabby open carriage, stuffed with Italians regardless of style in dress; Garibaldi alone was standing. I had not been in a greatly excited or exalted mood, but the simplicity, goodness, and nobility impressed on every lineament of Garibaldi's face and person quite overcame me. I realised then what I never did before or after, something of the impression that Jesus seems to have exercised on multitudes on more than one occasion."

A more thrilling occasion on which an immense crowd felt the power of Garibaldi's magnetism was his entry into Naples on September 7th, 1860, a memorable day in Italian history. King Francis, ingloriously known as "Bomba," was still the nominal ruler; his troops swarmed in the town. The great filibuster entered it, as Mr. Galton afterwards beheld him, in "a shabby open carriage." On he went at a snail's pace through the multitude, until the carriage drew level with the cannon of the huge fort of Castelnuovo; behind each gun its gunner, his lighted fuse in hand. "Stop!" cried Garibaldi to his driver. The carriage stopped, and Garibaldi rose up in it and stood full face to the gunners. A moment they wavered, then flung their caps on high and shouted: "Evviva Garibaldi!" Naples and Bomba were conquered in that moment.

Certain men, and certain women, in spheres the most diverse, walk thus victorious through life, or a great part of life. The mere sound of Napoleon's title, "The Emperor!" as he was ushered by his marshal on a scene of state, seems to have set half the audience trembling—some with fear, others with a sense akin to adoration. Countess Potocka, the first time she saw him in Warsaw, says: "It seemed to me that he wore an aureole"; and immediately afterwards she had the feeling "that such a being could not possibly die." It recalls the famous rhapsody of Heine, in "Book le Grand," beginning: "But what were my feelings when I first saw with my own eyes highly blest, him, Hosannah! the Emperor!" A work published but the other day informs us with what a passion of devotion Napoleon inspired the bearers of his Eagles, what terrors and pains these soldiers would endure to save them from the enemy. All the great captains of men, from Moses onwards, must have had this power of kindling and inflaming; but whereas in certain instances the reader or spectator at a great distance in time can at once perceive and thrill to it, in other instances the realisation is much more difficult. We are under no doubt at all about it in Cromwell's case. We respond to it readily enough in a case comparatively insignificant, that of Murat, when Murat gets to his proper business of slashing over Europe at the head of his cavalry. But what of Wellington, who, at the close of an exhausting series of campaigns, came strong and cool and calculating to Waterloo, and routed an enfeebled Napoleon out of sorts at last with fortune? Wellington, as closely and kindly as we may scrutinise him, has scarcely any halo, little personal glamor or enchantment—none at all of the meretricious kind. Heine, whom we named but now, is at the call of any eulogist of Napoleon, and pops up with even more alacrity at the whistle of any detractor of Wellington. The witty little tale, crammed with Heine's finest malice, of his barber in London, "a Radical, named Mr. White," makes the worst of Wellington and the best of Mr. White. Still, Wellington toes the mark with indifferent grace in this gallery; though, since the publication of a recent diary

(that of Frances, Lady Shelley) we like him better than we liked him before.

The great preacher may also be a captain of men, and can scarcely be anything else if he is to succeed in crusading, or in changing or modifying the beliefs of a nation, or in forcing them into a new spiritual life. The spiritual fervor is not always or necessarily the same. A Luther can do with less of it than a Wesley, their times and their causes being extremely different; but they both need the physical courage that urges leaders to the breach, and the attractive power that brings others in conquering numbers after them. In quieter seasons, a Fénelon and a Newman exert a fascination and an influence partly spiritual and partly intellectual, often quite dissociated from the strifes and passions of crowds. In the case of a General Booth, again, it is with the crowd that he is peculiarly concerned. Mr. Galton brings forward the example of Spurgeon at the Tabernacle, and elderly citizens can well remember the strange, poetic, prosaic spectacle there, Sunday after Sunday, for many a year; an enduring testimony of one man's power over thousands. But the Baptist faith was a strong and going concern long before Charles Spurgeon made it talked of in the seats of fashion, and established his Tabernacle as the Mecca of a host of curious visitors. The rise and growth of the Salvation Army under the once-derided banner of William Booth, ex-"Methody" and inspired tambourine-man, are a far more wonderful affair. His drum-taps went far beyond the bounds of civilisation, and of his Army we may truly say that it was a miracle wrought in an age of materialism.

In literature the price of positive personal ascendancy is not too evident. The air of the study, austere or severely simple, keeps the quality in check. When, however, it is inherent, the veriest hermit, emerging from his shell, triumphs over the practised orator. Carlyle is a good modern instance. Those who heard him talk in his noon of life found his gift of improvisation without a parallel. At seventy years of age the fire still glowed. Observe the fervent old man on the platform at Edinburgh University, of which he had just been chosen Rector. Carlyle was little used to platforms, and (to the consternation of Sir David Brewster) he had dared to come to this great stage without a MS. His friend Tyndall, who shared none of Brewster's fears, tells us how it went.

"Carlyle stood up, threw off his robe, like an ancient David declining the unproved armor of Saul, and came forward to the table. . . . He began, and the world already knows what he said. I attended more to the aspect of the audience than to the speech of the orator, which contained nothing new to me. I could, however, mark its influence on the palpitating crowd below. They were stirred as if by subterranean fire. For an hour and a half he held them spellbound, and when he ended the emotion previously pent up burst forth in a roar of acclamation. With a joyful heart and clear conscience I could redeem my promise to Mrs. Carlyle. From the nearest telegraph-office I sent her a despatch of three words—'A perfect triumph.'"

Johnson in the eighteenth century, Dickens in the nineteenth, are perhaps in the literary world our two outstanding examples. Johnson in his waning sixties found a tongue more potent than his learned pen had ever been; and in that conclave adorned by Goldsmith, Reynolds, Gibbon, Burke, and Garrick, the "peals of his eloquence"—Macaulay's happy phrase—send an echo to our own era. Macaulay himself, by the way, baying at a chosen audience, was one of the most formidable voices in his generation. Dickens's power was a part of his immense vitality, his proven confidence in himself, his resolute and exhaustless optimism. He liked the limelight. The greatest of all chairmen at a public dinner, he charmed guineas by magic from the purses of his hearers.

Actors, who play the King indifferent well behind the footlights, rarely carry their ascendancy into private life. In this sphere, however, Garrick (who, to be sure, was something Irish and something French) seems to have been almost as amazingly effective as he was upon the boards. No common force of intellect and character was needed to shine in Johnson's company and Burke's. After him we find Macready (the most dis-

treasuring infirmities of temper notwithstanding) holding his own with strength and dignity among the greatest of the Victorians. His Diary is sometimes deplorable and often pathetic, but the hand that traces it has more than the elements of greatness. Our own day has given us one player in whom the force of personal ascendancy asserted itself to a quite extraordinary degree. There were four arresting heads in England when the actor's fame was at its highest: Tennyson's, Gladstone's, Leighton's, and Henry Irving's; and as one of the laureate's pall-bearers Irving's face drew the gaze of the whole congregation in the Westminster Abbey to which he himself (dying an impoverished stroller in the provinces) was afterwards borne in semi-regal state. Never but once did his tact fail him on the stage, and in private he had a quick and quiet wit that silenced tactlessness in others. "Are you a University man, Sir Henry?" asked a snobbish don at an Oxford dinner-party. "Oh, no!" said Irving; "but I have a secretary who was."

This peculiar expression of force that Galton calls Personal Ascendancy is not susceptible of rigid definition. We trust, at least, that it is not, for we are quite unable to define it to our own satisfaction. We are sure that it resides not wholly in elevation of character, for on this point, at any rate, example is abundant. Take a glance at politics, and compare or contrast Hampden at one period and Mirabeau at another; Wilkes at one period and Gladstone at another; Bute at one period and Bright at another. Lord Salisbury in character was the equal of Gladstone, and both were on this plane the superiors of Disraeli; but (with his fine cadences in our ear as we write) we cannot remember a crisis at which Lord Salisbury made anybody in England jump to his feet. Politics, though of course not by any means the highest test, is a fair one; and its illustrations, in the matter of personal ascendancy, are often extremely curious. An intimate study of the psychology of Parliament would be a good deal occupied with the strange, brief, fascinating career of Lord Randolph Churchill, who was as interesting and redoubtable a person after his resignation of the Exchequer as he had been during his term of office. Two books of the hour have dealt with Charles Stuart Parnell, and in him we have a personality at once exquisitely and tragically puzzling. The House of Commons saw one Parnell, his Committee Room under the same roof knew another, and at the dreadful crisis of his life the kingdom at large beheld a third. Gladstone's rank-and-file no doubt went always a little in fear of him. But they were not beneath his heel; there was his courtesy (and the fairly free traditions of leadership in our politics) to trust in. The followers of Mr. Parnell were more or less his slaves; the Whip of the party seldom knew his chief's intentions. A too-confident recruit (this little story is unpublished till to-day) had a terrible snubbing. "Parnell, old chap, what did you think of my speech?" "I am Mr. Parnell, sir, and I did not hear your speech."

THE WAY THAT GOES.

THE traveller said to the rustic, "Where does this road go?" and the rustic, glad to have a fine gentleman on the hip, answered, "A don't go nowhere. 'A bides where 'a be." Mr. Edward Thomas's version is different. According to him it is a boy who is asked, and he replies, "I have been living here these sixteen years, and it has never moved to my knowledge." Such priggishness cannot go unproved, and Mr. Thomas takes up the matter seriously in "The Icknield Way" (Constable), and proves that any road that is worth its salt always goes. "Sometimes it creeps, sometimes it mounts in curves like a soaring seagull." At any rate, it is always going and has never gone. Though it goes to Chichester, or even to Avalon, yet "there is nothing at the end of any road better than can be found beside it." Like a song, it goes to its end, but the end is by no means the song. These incidents by the wayside, these notes in the musical chain, are the beauty of the way. They are its motion, its breathing as a live thing, and not merely

a mechanical drawing to explain the relationship of two towns.

The really solid monuments of the bygone races in whose shoes we stand are not town walls, cathedrals, pavements, and Roman villas fathoms deep under the leaf-mould of our woods, but the roads they trod up and down hills or round them, along river banks or across fords, rough-shod or wet-footed, between towns that no longer exist and kingdoms of which the wisest man does not know the boundaries. Such ways now appear on our maps in headless and tailless glimpses, like handleless skipping-ropes that have been flung there by children the world will never see again. If the new ways were the same as the old ways, we might overlook them. They only coincide now and then. A portion of the way that Chaucer and his fellow-pilgrims trod is said to be ground by motor-buses in Newington Butts. From that portion the shades of the Reeve and the Wife of Bath are unhappily exorcised. But where the Downland grass kisses the cart-ruts, and the blue butterflies skip like detected children, they still pass. Stonehenge is behind iron bars, and other old walls killed in some other way, but Watling Street, Pilgrim's Way, Fosse Way, Icknield Way, are likely to remain essentially free to the end of time.

The reader gets on the Icknield Way at Thetford in Norfolk, riding there by train with an eighteen-stone man, whose five brothers weigh sixteen, his two sisters fourteen, and whose eight children, the boys six feet high, the girls five feet ten, seem to be keeping up well the family tradition. Not such tangible men and women were those of the Iceni, if the Icknield Way is theirs, who went along this trail that Time fails to rub out. Nor, in spite of the proverb about the driver of fat oxen did such men make an Ychenweg or Oxenway here, either for beasts going to market, or with cattle "lifted" from an economic or belligerent enemy. Most of those, says Mr. Thomas, who travel these ancient ways now are writing books about them. Excellent books if they were all like this one, and yet we are convinced that its best pages came when the book and the way were both forgotten—when a blackbird piped or the purple meadow crane's bill looked up.

In Norfolk and Cambridge, that flat country where an almost imperceptible swell of the ground is called a chain of hills and even given the names of such giants as Gog and Magog, this ancient road derives its chief interest from the artificial incidents of the Devil's Ditch and Fleam Dyke. Other distractions are welcome, and the author says, "A disused railway embankment gave me more pleasure than a prehistoric dyke." His day was unfortunate. That splendid canvas for cloud effects, the Newmarket sky, was bare as a bone; the landscape was too well-lighted, too obvious. How much better would Royston and Odsey have entertained our traveller in the time of stitchwort or with hedges in their brightest green newly combered with cow parsley and the whitethroat just arrived! And how much more adventurously he would have fared if wild November rains had been sweeping so wide a field with white and obliterating scuds! The man who has a journey to make does not appreciate the piping July day when the far circular horizon dances with ascending heat, and a dusty road is littered with "the paper wrappers of sausages, &c., thrown out by motorists from Cambridge."

It is when the road wriggles away from the footsteps of civilisation, and lays its coils over some thymy common, that it becomes an entirely precious monument of bygone times. The Icknield Way has on the whole a marvellously lonely habit, avoiding for example in Oxfordshire every town and village between Chinnor and Goring, a course of some thirty miles; a man who travels along even an average section of the Icknield Way finds it very hard indeed to remember that he is in one of the most thickly populated States of Europe. A few of Mr. Thomas's picture-compelling lines will give an idea of the loneliness and simplicity guarded by this once unique East-and-West thoroughfare. It is near Ickleford, scarcely more than thirty miles from London.

"The road was once more a broad, green way dipping with many ruts down among the willowy buttercup meads of the Oughton. Doves cooed; blackcaps poured out their cool,

fiery wine of melody; and the cattle meditated about nothing under the elms. The road was rising again, crossed the Pirtou and Hitchin road at Punch's Cross, and entered through the gate of an oat-field, travelling along its hedge and out by another gate. At Punch's Cross it became a parish boundary, which it ceased to be at the River Hiz. Up on the right, above the ploughland, lay Tingley Wood and a beech clump. On the left charlock and corn. . . .

The road is here making for Telegraph Hill, its highest point, for Mr. Thomas justly cuts out the Ridgeway from a part of the really ancient Way. Telegraph Hill is six hundred feet high, and there appears to have been no very good reason why Icknield should have climbed it instead of skirting it. This is Icknield's one little joke. It never reaches a similar height again except at the "Leather Bottle" on the Chilterns, after which it leaves the wild places of Buckinghamshire for its lonely path through Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Wiltshire.

Perhaps our Cattle Way (its shyness of peopled country makes us incline towards that origin of its name) went at one time from sea to sea. The author leaves it not far from the heart of England, bidding the reader go on if he will, and happily find himself "on the banks of the Towy or beside the tomb of Giraldu, at St. David's itself." The last few miles have been the most interesting of the whole journey, for they were miles of exploration beyond the map. The metalled road that joins Upton with Wantage is an ancient and respectable road, its name the Port Way, but it is not quite in line with Icknield, and is not the sort of country chosen in other sections by the old people. The line discovered by Mr. Thomas is scarcely more so, but the true adventure of his journey belongs to it. Little enough is needed to draw the traveller off the road—a hedge that makes one side of a triangle with the Port Way and Didcot-Newbury Railway, and across the railway "another hedge and a depression that might have been a road," running in the desired direction. There are cart tracks too, leading, it is true, to a deserted farm, but at East Hendred, three miles out, "an intelligent, unprejudiced man" says with some shyness and without leading question that this field way is Ickleton Street or Ickleton Meer. It was ploughed up, says old Wise, in Wantage East field. We can see or guess many places where the plough has obliterated it. "For about a quarter of a mile," says the traveller, "I thought I found it raised a little in the stubble. It had been sown and reaped like the rest, but it was a little weedier and grassier." That is too fanciful, but we may say that somewhere on that line ran the old Icknield Way to Wantage, whence it goes more plainly to Wanborough, under the double rampart of the Downs, and to Swindon, "where the explorer has all the world before him."

Some mythical person has remarked on the providence that makes a good river flow by many a town. There is another providence, less easily explained, that makes our ancient ways wind and run through the heart of so much unspoilt country. A little way off, but for the exact purpose in view as remote in space as in time, the motor-cars hoot and stain the breeze. Even most of the beautiful wayside villages pictured here in color by Mr. A. L. Collins are on secondary roads which the motor car troubles not, and they are mostly a furlong or two distant from our inmost track, the way of the Iceni, of the cattle-drovers, the cattle-thieves, the way of Agricola, or whatever it may be. Its latest use has been to produce a very pleasant and exhilarating book, whether for those who love archæology or for those who like to see "flowers and ash trees, and a linnet on the tip of one, but nothing distant save white clouds and the blue."

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

IX.

A PROPHET IN ISRAEL.

It was the old Georgian chapel in South Place—the same that I described before. Once Unitarian, it now serves for various thoughtful uses, ethical, economic, and even

religious. But that night it was crowded again with persistent Unitarians. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One!" From Abraham's time up to now, the rallying cry of Hebrews has been the Unity of God. Except for remaining savages, still entangled in the contradictions of good and evil, pleasure and pain, all mankind now accepts that truth. The Hindu in meditation seeks the Unity underlying his multifarious symbolism. The Buddhist has purged even from the diversity of symbols the conception of the One. The muezzin from the towers of Islam proclaims, like a chiming clock, the Unity of God. The Christian worships a Trinity, but in Unity. Philosophy strives to harmonise the contradictions of appearance with the Absolute. But to Jews the unvarying identity of God has not been only a matter of ancient belief, it has been their reason for existence, the bond of a nationality persisting without frontiers, Government, or land: it is the soul of a people who are Unity's Old Guard, and die but never surrender.

On the platform stood a strange and conspicuous figure, ready to address those of his race who had crowded in from various parts of London, and from the well-remembered Ghetto of Whitechapel hard by. A figure, tall and slight, habitually moving with short and rapid steps, aloof in deep abstraction, utterly unconscious of self, and usually of others. Grizzled hair, abundant and waving; a face that some call hideous, and others fine, according as they estimate the look of a man by prettiness or power; a wide, shapeless mouth, in wildly humorous contradiction to the quiet forehead, the deep, imaginative eyes, and the thin nose of refinement; a skin of sallow brown, that might turn paler with excitement, but never red; two deep lines of thought perpendicular between the brows; a line of ironic humor transient upon the thin cheeks; and over the whole personality something that recalls Disraeli before he became Lord Beaconsfield.

The Chairman, a Jew who has known the Army, and held high office in the Government of Colonies, introduced him as one whom all the world knew for the charm and splendor of his writings. "You will hear," he went on, "what I am sure will prove a delightful literary essay by a great master of English prose." Why do Chairmen say these things, filling all hearts with desolation? No praise could be more inept, none more unwelcome to the audience or the speaker. Suppose at a crisis of Jerusalem's history, when the Assyrians were encamped just across the Valley of Kishon, the High Priest had said to a meeting of Judah, "Our friend Isaiah needs no introduction here. We are all acquainted with his highly imaginative writings, and we now look forward to hearing a delightful literary essay by a great master of poetic prose." With what face could Isaiah then have risen and cried, "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth. Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished"? With what face could the people have listened to that literary essay in the best prose style?

It is the glory of Mr. Israel Zangwill that he is greater than literature. In literature he won for himself the highest place. His creative work in the form of novel and drama brought him fame, honor, and, I suppose, about as much wealth as genius can expect to receive. It brought him a far greater reward than any of these—the sense of self-fulfilment and of self-expression—the pleasure of exercising powers to the utmost, which I take to be the highest possible happiness for man. Then, at the height of his position, when a series of books, such as "The Children of the Ghetto," "The Dreamers of the Ghetto," "The King of Schnorrers," "The Mantle of Elijah," and many more had revealed to the thinking and artistic world a new power, a new province of life, and a new aspect of history, he quietly stepped down to lay on himself, like Milton, the lowliest duties.

That was, indeed, "a great refusal." Dante condemned to Hell the diffident Churchman who refused the Holy Seat; but there is no greater or more bitter or nobler refusal than that of the true artist who, for some noble and immediate cause, refuses the glory and happi-

ness of his art, and gives up to mankind what was meant for the delectation of literary and artistic circles. Remember the long years of detailed, patient, unnoticed, and often disappointed labor which this great artist has devoted to scheme after scheme for the salvation of his people from shame and persecution. Imagine him standing there to tell an assembly of his people how the chance of their salvation now appeared, and what hopes or fears now lay before them. Conceive with what chilling bathos came the Chairman's words informing them that they would hear "what he was sure would prove a delightful literary essay by a great master of English prose."

How inane! As the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore, has said, no more doll's decorations for the man or woman with whom the Spirit has left his terrible sword as gift! All this chatter about "style" and literary graces, how beggarly and abhorrent it appears to the man possessed by a dominating purpose! "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, then let my right hand forget her cunning." The right hand's cunning may be forgotten first, but the prophet will not greatly care so long as Jerusalem is remembered, nor will one whom the zeal of the Lord consumes ever be at ease in the Zion of æsthetic applause. It was as a prophet that Mr. Zangwill stood there, and as a prophet more closely occupied with this world's facts and figures than with literary charm. At a meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union in the Albert Hall I once heard him sound the prophetic note of grandeur and fervid imagination in tones that I have heard approached by no one else of our time. Perhaps no one but a Jew could approach them, for a Jew who holds prophetic sublimity in his blood has it nursed by earliest memories. The same note was sounded in the two vast dramas of "The War God" and "The Next Religion." That prophetic grandeur comes only to one who has surrendered self and art and all to some supreme and burning purpose before which personal praise and artistic beauties shrivel like paper in the flame. But on this occasion, the immediate and urgent need took the place of the splendid vision and the ultimate hopes of man.

For misty dreams and impossible romances, he began, you must go to financiers and business men; it is the writers who are practical. There was a touch of irony in the saying, but, of course, it was true. Mind is capable of anything, and we all know how right the Athenians were in assuming that the greatest dramatist must also be the greatest admiral. So the prophet was now the practical man, the founder of cities, master of water-supply and soils. He would speak of Ito, Itoism, Itoland—words derived from the initials of the "Jewish Territorial Organisation," which he directs. In Itoland he seeks the fulfilment of Judaism's passionate dream—a dream that has lasted nearly two thousand years and never come true. Year after year the Jews have kept the Black Fast that mournfully commemorates the fall of Jerusalem and their loss of a country. Day after day when they part, they have said to each other, "Next year in Jerusalem!" just as ordinary Christians say, "So long!" But the years go by. It is now the year 5673 since the Creation, and one-third of time has almost gone since that awful night when the Roman armies stormed into the city and Zion flamed. But the Messiah delays his coming, and, like the wandering dove, the race of Judah, almost alone among the nations, finds in the deluge of humanity no place whereon to set its foot.

To seek a country for his people, to rebuild the walls and temple of Jerusalem in some land which they might call their own, to establish a new home, a new Zion, where they might stand as a majority within their own frontiers, like the other peoples of the world, living under their own laws and government instead of suffering alien domination for centuries more to come—that would be an enterprise for a poet's practical energy, worthy of Moses and the prophets. For many years this later prophet, like other Jews, kept his eyes fixed upon the holy hill of Zion—that ruined heap in Palestine which, to Jew and Christian alike, once appeared as the illumined centre of a dark and heathen world's revolving circumference. To recover that sacred land for its own

people, to redeem the Zion of undying hopes—that would have been the task most glorious, and for a time it seemed the easiest too. Money would come in for that. Part of the £1,000,000 now spent every year in delivering the wretched Jews from the clutch of Russian tyranny would be diverted. The people would flock in multitudes to the consecrated soil which they fondly dream still to be flowing with milk and honey.

But, unhappily, the land is full. Nearly a million people inhabit and own it, and they are chiefly Arabs. The Holy City itself is divided between the hostile and pugnacious sects of powerful foreigners. No longer is it possible for a victorious Joshua to seize and occupy a territory after the slaughter of the Amalekites, Hittites, Jebusites, and other queer inhabitants. At least, it is no longer possible for unarmed and unorganised Jews; that method is allowed only to the disciplined hosts of Christendom. And as to Zion itself, would the prize be worth the labor? A tourist's delight, a nest of holy harpies, an Earl's Court show, painted and plastered for the deception of Christian Kings! The prophet himself has known the city, and before he gave up his earlier dream had thus described it:—

"A corpse of Religion. No prophetic centre, this Zion, even for Israel; only the stagnant, stereotyped activity of excommunicating Rabbis, and the capricious distribution of the paralysing *Chalukah*, leaving an appalling multitudinous poverty agonising in the steep refuse-laden alleys. A city where men go to die, but not to live."

How if in thus fondly clinging to the mere patch of ancient Judah, now haunted by Arabs, pilgrims, and tourists, the immemorial race are but once more embalming themselves in the rigidity which is death? How if a new and more spiritual Zion might arise, untrammelled by the bonds of tradition and tedious Rabbinalism? Is not Zion to be found in any Holy Land where the Jew may live as Jew? Put the case at its lowest; some City of Refuge is needed for the persecuted and outcast of Israel. Out of the twelve million Jews in all the world, nearly half dwell in Russia, under the most brutal of surviving tyrannies. About 100,000 are ransomed for freedom every year, and in passing eastward in a Russian ship through the Kiel Canal, I have seen the crowded Jewish emigrants yelling the Russian workman's "Marseillaise" in joyful defiance of our Russian flag as they moved west. New York is now the City of Refuge, but it is no City of Zion. It is "the melting pot," where the Jew, still submissive as ever to Government not his own, gradually ceases to be Jew, and merges the healthful variation of Judaism in the drossy liquid of an American world. For other refuges, a millionaire's vast bequest has established small Jewish "colonies" at scattered points on America, North and South. But in them also there is no Jewish State, no self-governing country controlled by a Jewish majority, and regarded by all Jews throughout the world as their own particular land, where their people may dwell, not on tolerance, but by right.

Local contentment and prosperity, the rescue of haunted and terrified refugees from the life of ground-game—these results are much; they are something. But "without a vision the people perish," and there is no vision in the Jewish "colonies" or in New York. The new prophet's vision goes far beyond a mere City of Refuge, or a snug little "colony," the size of a nobleman's landed estate. It beholds a renewed Mount Zion, in a country which Jews shall govern and look to as their own. To Jews it would be a home, a protection, "a place in the sun," where their national tradition might grow and expand, ceasing to be ossified by the bitterness of perpetual exile. To the world it would stand as an example of "sanctified sociology," all that is best in Judaism's consecrated rules being there displayed—the health and vitality, the devotion to family honor, the yearly renewal of life's surroundings, and the fine communism of the Passover.

The vision is there. The people are ready. At every hint of a beginning, thousands of appeals come for a share in the Promised Land. They come from all classes and every trade, from agriculturists as well as shopkeepers and artisans. Even a King is ready, for one Jew has written to say he will go so far as to point out the

territory on condition of receiving the throne, a salary, and "exes." To point out the territory! That service would be well worth a crown. Within a century the world has become so full; the Powers have grabbed so much. Nearly all is now divided and owned. The Itoland of the vision has already been sought in East Africa, Australia, Canada, Cyrenaica, but in vain. It is now being sought in Mesopotamia, and this very week, I believe, a report is issued upon the proposal of Angola—a tropical land, where all the white man's labor is done by blacks, and nearly all by slaves. It is a difficult matter to find the Land of Promised Vision, the base on which the lever of a regeneration may be set. But by one means or another it must be found. "Disappearance," said the prophet, ending his appeal to his countrymen—"disappearance for our race would be comedy; continuance under present conditions tragedy; reappearance an epic poem." Now, an epic poem is a poem of deeds not words.

Soon after this address, I happened to be passing through the Ghetto of Whitechapel, and I could see very little change since the distant years when I knew it better than now. It was the eve of the Sabbath before Passover; for as the present year must have thirteen months crammed into it to keep pace with the sun, Passover fell a month later than our Easter. Streets and pavements were littered with the accustomed refuse of decaying vegetables, chickens' heads, splashes of blood, and the uneatable parts of fish.

The well-remembered smell still pervaded all. But stalls and stores were being hurriedly packed away for the Sabbath rest. Shops and tenements stood clean and freshly fitted out in honor of an ancient Exodus. All was "Kosher," and the "Shomer," or sanctified barman, though not yet "in attendance," was, no doubt, being held in readiness. Clasp my hat on my head as though in a high wind, lest I should forget, I entered a poverty-stricken synagogue. It was already filling, and in the body of the building isolated men and boys were praying aloud, swaying rapidly to and fro in the manner that all Orientals find so conducive to the efficacy of prayer. In the broad gallery stood women, dimly visible behind a gauze grating, the barbaric origin of the "grille" in our House of Commons. Behind candles shone an emblematic representation of the seven golden candlesticks ordained by Moses for the Tabernacle, and rather strangely surmounted by the British Lion and Unicorn. Presently, a man in a tall hat, throwing a black-and-white garment of goat's hair over his frock-coat, approached a little reading-desk, and began chanting in peculiar cadence from a book which, perhaps, contained the whole Law and the Prophets as they stood before Christ abbreviated them into one verse. I could not understand; but, perhaps, he was chanting a passage I had lately seen thus translated from the Hebrew service for the new Chief Rabbi's induction:—

"Sound the great horn for our freedom; lift up the ensign to gather our exiles, and gather us from the four corners of the earth. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who gatherest the banished ones of thy people Israel."

So with prayer and chanting and swaying of the body to and fro, the service continued. And as the Jews went out, they said something to each other, which I took to mean, "Next year in Jerusalem." Alas!

But what new exodus may a future Passover commemorate?

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Short Studies.

THE MORNING ROAD.

He could remember that he had wept to be allowed to go to school. Even more vivid was his recollection of the persuasive and persistent tears which he had shed to be allowed to stay at home.

Most of the joys of school were exhausted after he had submitted to one hour of dreary discipline—to be compelled to sit still when every inch of one's being

clamored to move about! To have to stand up and stare at a blackboard upon which meaningless white scrawls were perpetually being drawn and as perpetually being wiped out to a master's meaningless, monotonous, verbal accompaniment. To have to join in a chant which began with "a, b, c," and droned steadily through a complexity of sounds to a ridiculously inadequate "z"—such things became desperately boring: one was not even let go to sleep, and if one wept from sheer ennui then one was clouted. School, he shortly decided, was not worth anybody's while; but he also discovered that a torment had commenced which was not by any artifice to be evaded.

Along the road to school there ran a succession of meadows—the path was really a footway through fields—and how not to stray into these meadows was a problem demanding the entire of one's attention. Sometimes a rabbit bolted almost from under one's feet—it flapped away through the grass, and bobbed up and down in a great hurry. Then his heart filled with envy—he said to himself:—

"That rabbit is not going to school; if it was it wouldn't run so quickly."

It was paltry comfort to hurl a wad of grass after it.

Through most of the journey there was an immense lazy bee, with a bass voice, and he droned defiance three feet away from one's cap, which almost jolted to be put over him. He seemed to understand that at such an hour he was not in any danger, and so he would drop to the grass, roll on his back, and cock up his legs in ecstasy.

"Bees," said he to himself in amazement and despair, "do not go to school."

Every bush and tree seemed, for the moment, to be inhabited by a bird whose song was unfamiliar and the markings on whom he could not remember to have seen before; and he had no time to stay and note these peculiarities. He dragged beyond these objects reluctantly, pondering on the unreasonable savagery of parents who sent one to school when the sun was shining.

But the greatest obstacle to getting to school was the river which danced briskly through the fields. The footpath went for a stretch along this stream, and, during that piece of the journey, haste was not possible. There are so many things in a river to look at. The movement of the water in itself exercises fascinations over a boy. There are always bubbles, based strongly in froth, sailing gallantly along. One speculates how far a bubble will swim before it hits a rock, or is washed into nothing by an eddy, or is becalmed in a sheltered corner to ride at jaunty anchor with a navy of similarly delicate tonnage.

Further, if one finds a twig on the path, or a leaf, there is nothing more natural than to throw these into the river, and see how fast or how erratically they sail. Pebbles also clamor to be cast into the stream. Perhaps a dragon-fly whirls above the surface of the water to hold one late from school. The grasses and rushes by the marge may stir as a grey rat slips out to take to the water and swim away, low down and very fast, on some strange and important journey. The inspection of such an event cannot be hurried. One must, if it is possible, discover where he swims to, and if his hole is found it has to be blocked up with stones, even though the persistent bell is clanging down over the fields. Perhaps a big frog will push out from the grass and go in fat leaps down to the water—plop! and away he swims, with his sarcastic nose up and his legs going like fury. The strange, very little-boy motions of a frog in water is a thing to ponder over. There are small frogs also, every bit as interesting, thin-legged, round-bellied anatomies who try to jump both ways at once when they are observed, and are caught so easily that it is scarcely worth one's trouble to chase them at all.

Just where the path turned there was an arch under which the river flowed; it was covered in with an iron grating. Surely it was a place of mystery! Through the bars the dark, swirling waters were dimly visible—there were things in there: dark lumps rose out of the water, and, for a little distance, the slimy, shimmering, cold-looking walls could be seen. Beyond there was a

deeper gloom, and beyond that again a blank, mysterious darkness. Through the grating the voice of the stream came back with a strange note. On the outside, under the sun, it was a tinkle and a rush, a dance indeed; but within it was a low snarl that deepened to a grim whisper. There was an edge of malice to the sound; something dark and very terrible brooded on the face of those hidden waters. It was the home of surmise—what might there not be there? There might be gully-holes where the waters whirled in wide circles, and then flew smoothly down, and down, and down. If one could have got in there to see! To crawl along by the slippery edge in the darkness and solitude! It was very hard to get away from this place.

A little further on two goats were tethered. As one passed they would cease to pluck the grass and begin to dance slowly; such dainty, antic steps, with their heads down, and their pale eyes looking upwards with a joke in them. They did not really want to fight; they wanted to play but were too shy to admit it.

He passed them by. He could not stay to play with them, and, going away, he thought:—

"They do not have to go to school."

For here the schoolhouse was in sight. The bell had stopped; it was now time to run.

He gripped the mouth of his satchel with one hand to prevent the lesson-books from jumping out as he ran, he gripped his pocket with the other hand to prevent his lunch from being jolted into the road.

Another few yards and he was at the gate. Someone was glaring through a window. It was a big face, rimmed with spectacles and whiskers—a master! He knew that when yonder severe eye had lifted from him it had dropped to look at a watch, and he also knew exactly what the owner of the severe eye would say to him as he sidled in.

JAMES STEPHENS.

Music.

A DRAMA WITH MUSIC.

HERMANN WOLFGANG VON WALTERSHAUSEN, whose "Oberst Chabert" has been sandwiched between the "Ring" performances at Covent Garden, is a young man; but this is his third opera, and therefore cannot be dismissed as an immature manifestation of his talent. Indeed, it is not at all immature; but, in its own mistaken way, is a very skilful drama with music, and represents a tendency of the modern school of composers. Herr von Waltershausen evidently admires Strauss and Puccini, and he has attempted a curious amalgam of the two. "Oberst Chabert" has the dramatic directness of Puccini, and is influenced by Strauss in the use of the orchestra as a running commentary on the drama, but it has neither the lyrical inspiration of Puccini nor the strangeness of Strauss. I can well imagine that "Oberst Chabert" might make some sensation on the stage if the singers were gifted actors. The music, discreetly, does not interfere with the dramatic action, and possibly might not obscure its effect if the artists could sing its ungrateful intervals with ease and proper emphasis. At Covent Garden, only Herr Hofbauer and Herr Jean Buysson were at all able to give point to the vocal music. Fraulein Perard-Petzl, a clever artist in her way, could make nothing of the important part of Rosine. The libretto is founded on Balzac's "Colonel Chabert," so that it may be imagined that if the Comtesse with the two husbands is not able to make herself an important character the drama loses most of its interest. At the same time the opera was well enough performed to give one a complete idea of its music and its aims.

In spite of its echoes of Strauss, Wagner, Puccini, Gounod, and other composers, I think Herr Waltershausen's music has sufficient merit to make his future career of interest. He has the dramatic gift of creating an atmosphere. Thus the first act, which is taken up by Chabert's endeavor to make the notary believe his story of having escaped from a living grave, and culminates in

the Comtesse's denials that her dead husband stands before her, does most certainly foreshadow the tragedy. The Colonel's description of his sufferings when he found himself alive in a soldier's grave at Eylau, of his escape from it, and of his privation and wanderings since, is well portrayed in the orchestra. Throughout the opera there is characterisation in the music, and the dramatic situations are cleverly hit off. The scoring of the work is not remarkable for new or individual devices. There is good workmanship; but, as far as I could hear, no touch of genius. The voices are skilfully woven up with the orchestra without being obscured by it, but the vocal writing, although flowing enough in outline, is singularly ungainly and difficult. It is as if the composer had purposely chosen to write for each voice in the most difficult part of its register. In hearing Wagner's "Siegfried" the day after the production of "Oberst Chabert," it was as if one were listening to an old-fashioned Italian opera by comparison. On the whole, Herr von Waltershausen has written a promising opera in the sense that it is dramatic. He is evidently a genuine composer of opera.

Once again, however, I must strongly protest against the mistaken school to which "Colonel Oberst" belongs. Music-drama is a hybrid art, and it is not possible to lay down hard and fast rules concerning it. Probably it never will become so fixed that there can be any aesthetic of value based on it. One school makes music the chief expression; another looks on opera as veritable drama with music; a third compromises matters, and, like Puccini, is realistic and lyrical by turns. As a lover of both drama and music, I think that modern music-dramas are neither effective as plays nor satisfying as music. Yet music-drama as a form of music can be very beautiful and moving. Many things are possible for it which are not possible for absolute music, nor for the epic form of the oratorio or cantata. It is not that music-drama cannot be dramatic—indeed the music should be conditioned by and should enhance the drama—but that the kind of play and its treatment which are artistically right in spoken drama are artistically wrong in music-drama. Wagner hit on this truth years ago, and, to a great extent, his works are a justification of his theories, but even he did not succeed in emancipating himself entirely from spoken drama. The more modern composers, singularly lacking in Wagner's intellectual powers and keen artistic insight, do not trouble to think about the matter at all. If they are Italians, they take an ordinary play like "Tosca" and connect their lyrical moments by scrambling and scrappy dialogue of no musical or dramatic value. If Germans, they invent a more homogeneous style of vocal writing and imitate Wagner's use of the orchestra. Thus they create a certain musical value in their works; but, nevertheless, the drama invariably mars their music. Richard Strauss has had a bad influence in this respect. In "Der Rosenkavalier," for instance, he has set to music a libretto which, in every respect, could be acted as a spoken play. Herr von Waltershausen, who is his own librettist, has copied him, and "Oberst Chabert," crude as it is, could be acted without music. At one time that was actually considered the test of a good opera libretto, but the enormous extension of musical expressiveness should make composers pause.

The orchestra can do so much in the hands of a modern musician that it should be considered not as an off-shoot of music-drama, but as one of its main roots. How much can be conveyed without words has been proved by the performances of the Russian ballet. We do not want wordless operas, for the human singing voice is most expressive and beautiful, and its full beauty and expression are not to be realised unless the voice has to sing words which color and actually condition its quality of tone. At the same time, we do not want to hear ordinary dialogue, setting forth some necessary question of the play, sung to music. The meaning of the dialogue is obscured, and the composer is put to all kinds of artificial shifts to make beautiful these barren places. In the old days they recognised that dialogue which did not rise to lyrical fervor had best be treated as if it were not part of the musical work

of art, and consequently it was spoken. Subsequently it was set to a formal type of recitative which had no meaning beyond being a convenient means of obviating the clash of the speaking and singing voices. That was before the days of the orchestra as a running commentary on the drama. With this expressive and descriptive medium it is really not necessary for words to be spoken, for the stage action and the mime can explain almost everything that needs explanation. Composers of opera must disabuse their minds of the idea that drama must necessarily be cast in the form of a play.

Their libretti must deal with subjects which enable music to make its fullest possible dramatic and emotional expression. The drama must be cut down to its essential psychology, so that what the characters think and feel, and not what they do, shall give the composer a proper subject for his art. Moreover, it is time that musicians abandoned their foolish attempts at making singing a debased and ornate form of speech. The human singing-voice is beautiful and expressive, and the writing for it should aim at beauty and expression. "Oberst Chabert" is an example of how music-drama should not be written, and, unfortunately, it belongs to a prevalent type. It is neither good as music nor good as drama, not because the young composer does not possess the necessary talent, but because this drama with music is a sterile hybrid of art.

E. A. BAUGHAN.

Letters to the Editor.

LORD HALDANE AND NATIONAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the important and carefully worded article which you published, Lord Haldane says that "the hand, the eye, and the ear can be educated like the brain, and form necessary subjects in any system of National Education." Does this mean bringing the local systems at present existing of Technical Instruction into line, so as to form a part of a great National Education Scheme?

Technical training will probably be the centre and keystone around which must be built a great and practical system of education. The vast majority of the six million children in our schools require technical instruction apart from secondary school education.

Only about 3 per cent. of our children, according to Mr. Pease, show abnormal intelligence, so that the university is open only to very few.

Having admitted that the basis of a sound system of education is primarily the imparting of a familiar and easy use and knowledge of the three "R's," the question to be solved is how to improve further the skill and knowledge of the great mass of our children, who do not go through a course of secondary education at all. Nowadays, everything is being classified and organised, as it should be in a modern and progressive community. When children arrive at an age when they choose, or have chosen for them, the occupation in life whereby they hope to earn their bread, is it not necessary that the school should then take them in hand and give them at least a sound knowledge of the theory of their employment or work, even if they have to rely upon obtaining a practical knowledge from every-day familiarity at their work?

On the one hand, a good system of secondary education, well connected with the primary system, will lead a small minority of our mentally superior children along a broad and fair road to higher education. On the other hand, a good system of technical education will develop the national sense of physical energy, and direct the practical manual skill of the people along into a great and brilliant future. To use the hands well, to be skilled in one trade, imply the use of brain power and its development, and although in degree different from the use of brain power in a scholar, is yet as useful, as noble, and as worthy of esteem and honor. The point to aim at is the inclusion of a proper system of technical training as a *compulsory portion* of our education system for all children who do not go to the secondary schools with a view to Higher Education.

This implies taking over from the local authorities the somewhat unfair burden they now carry. It is not just to impose upon them the unpopular duty of raising further rates in this connection.

A national system implies national financial methods. It is, finally, a question also of the teachers. No system, however good, can be made a success without the hearty co-operation of the teaching staff.

A good teaching staff implies a proper recognition of their claims to an adequate salary, security of tenure, certainty of promotion, and social recognition.

Why should not our teaching staff be treated socially on similar lines to our other great national professions?

We want the best class of men and women we can get in our national education services, and we must be prepared to pay adequately for their services.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN LOFTUS.

6, Burwood Place, W.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As you are kind enough to invite your readers to express their opinion of Lord Haldane's "National System of Education," as outlined in a recent number of *THE NATION*, I cannot resist the temptation to tell you what I think of it. I feel sure there cannot be a middle-class ratepayer who does not feel that this question of education has for him a *growing* interest. It is evident that this unfortunate individual is not intended to be overlooked in the development of Lord Haldane's ideas. We gather that the problem has resolved itself mainly into a "question of funds," and that "great national sacrifices are to be involved." It is to be hoped that the Lord Chancellor is prepared to suggest some new and ingenious method of taxation which will get money out of those people who do not need it, and spare those who find present methods far too exacting. The plain fact is that the already overtaxed middle-classes of the country cannot afford to support such expensive educational experiments, even if the great national benefits at which Lord Haldane obscurely hints were more apparent than they are in such a scheme as is suggested.

His avowed aim is the propagation of a type of citizen most undesirable at the present time from a national point of view. Every elementary scholar is to be regarded as a potential university graduate and trained accordingly. It is a well-known fact that the existing university man, with his superior manners, equipment, and financial reserves finds the greatest difficulty in earning a living. What is to be the fate of the State-aided youth whom it is proposed to drag into the competition?

The futility of the costly educational chain, which has taken such a hold of Lord Haldane's fancy, is revealed in the absence of anything stable on which it can be hooked. We can see the young hopeful on his course from the kindergarten to the elementary school, from the elementary to the secondary, from the secondary to the university; but no provision is mentioned for seeing him into the only position which would satisfy him, and for which only he would presumably be fitted—viz., a learned profession. At this point of his career further State grants would be indispensable to keep him from starvation.—Yours, &c.,

A. A. CHADWICK.

Darley Abbey, Derby.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of April 12th, you invite correspondence as to Lord Haldane's Education Scheme. May I ask one or two questions?

Lord Haldane says the religious difficulty can be got round. Will he provide us with the materials for doing so? As one who was very closely connected with the efforts to settle the controversy in 1902, 1906, and 1907, and who had some share in procuring that return on the religious education of Roman Catholics in 1896, which has proved of use, may I ask—

(a) Will Lord Haldane procure a report through our representatives in the Dominions and abroad, as to the regulations respecting religious education in every country throughout the world?

(b) Whether his lordship will consider whether a very important step towards an understanding between the Church

of England and other Churches could not be taken if Parliament would give effect to the recommendation of the Committee of Convocation, in reply to the King's Letters of Business, that the rubric concerning the teaching of the Catechism should be altered so as to make the curate the responsible person and not the god-parents, and thus make it the rule for the Catechism to be taught in Church as was the original custom, and not in the schools?

I would also venture to ask his lordship whether it would not be advisable that his leaving examination should be so arranged that the certificate would admit the holder to any institute for higher education throughout the Empire, just as a leaving certificate issued in one of the three countries holds good in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. In these days of emigration, such certificates may do as much for the Empire as her interchangeable Universities did in transforming the German Confederation into the German Empire.

I would suggest, too, that in these commercial days a plan should be devised for making County Council scholarships tenable in schools abroad, so that a good supply of teachers knowing foreign languages may always be available. Such a system would be of use in promoting peace.

Could not, too, the higher schools in the Channel Islands, in Gibraltar, in Malta, even in Cyprus, be made use of for training our modern language teachers?

Surely co-ordination throughout the Empire is worth a thought.—Yours, &c.,

HUBERT READE.

Walterstone, Abergavenny.

THE DISSENSIONS OF THE ALLIES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Thanks for your comment on my letter. I see that, by a stupid slip, I obscured my meaning, which was that there is so little trustworthy evidence of the existence of a new treaty between Greece and Serbia (of which the writer of the "London Diary" spoke so definitely) that it is unfair and premature to speak of Greek and Servian treachery. May I add a few remarks on the relations of Greece and Bulgaria? If Salonica were the only point in dispute, there would be small hope of agreement. But I understand that Bulgaria also claims the Greek districts of Kavala, Seres, Drana, the Greek town of Castoria, and the Hellenised town of Monastir, the Greek islands of Thasos and Samothrace, and I presume that the claim to Salonica carries also a claim to Greek Chalcidice. There is here ample room for compromise. But two things are necessary: one, a more generous recognition of the services of Greece and a discouragement of unjustified rumors reflecting on the military honor of Greece; secondly, an abandonment of the uncompromising and rather hectoring tone of Dr. Danell's recent address to the Progressive Party. An agreement between Greece and Serbia against Bulgaria would be most deplorable, and probably as painful to Greeks as to their friends; but in certain circumstances, such an agreement would be difficult to avoid; for example, a glance at the map will show that if Bulgaria acquired all the territory enumerated above—and (with the possible exception of Chalcidice) it is all claimed by her—the menace to the independence of Greece would be very great—much greater than could possibly be disregarded.—Yours, &c.,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

April 26th, 1913.

"HUMANITY IN RESEARCH."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to thank you for the admirable article on "Humanity in Research," which appears in this week's *NATION*? The article is both temperate and well-informed, and the point of view is exactly that taken by an increasing number of thoughtful men and women who realise that "life has its value no less for the instinctive than for the rational creature." Hence the deep and widespread opposition to the use of vivisection in class-demonstration, which, in my opinion, should be absolutely forbidden, and the urgent necessity of a more strict enforcement of the existing law, and the adoption of the amendments suggested by the Royal Commission.

The Home Secretary would be well advised to include in his Advisory Council on Vivisection men like the writer of your article, as well as humane and eminent physiologists.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. BARRETT.

April 29th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is the business of the Research Defence Society to put before the public, and to keep before the public, the facts about experiments on animals in this country. For this reason, and because I was in Court during the whole of the recent libel action, let me say that I have read with profound regret your article "On Humanity in Research." Give me leave to comment on certain statements in it which seem to me hardly worthy of a place in your paper.

(1) You say that the world is "torn between an equally sincere concern for the animal in the laboratory and the baby in the slums." I say that the world is not thus torn. The world is of opinion that the life and health of children come before the life and health of guinea-pigs and rabbits.

(2) I pass over what you say about the plaintiff in the recent action, but I cannot pass over your statement that "a judge and jury cannot try a deep moral issue." This judge and this jury could, and did. They tried the deep moral issue of the methods of anti-vivisection. They went deep into those methods. They labored patiently through anti-vivisection literature, pamphlets, leaflets, cartoons, caricatures, exhibits, and so forth. They saw the dark side, the ugly side, of anti-vivisection. Over the hearing of this deep moral issue, they spent almost as many days as they spent minutes over their verdict. The untruthfulness of anti-vivisection, its shameless uncharitableness, its cruelty, these are all of them a moral issue.

(3) "If the animal," you say, "in cutting experiments were always fully under anæsthetics, the elaborate strapping and binding which is usual in the laboratory would seem to be unnecessary." Why do you say that? For many operations on ourselves, where we must be kept in this or that posture, we are strapped and bound elaborately. But, unlike animals, we can lie flat on our backs. Therefore we, mostly, are not strapped and bound. But animals cannot lie on their backs.

(4) You demand the prohibition of experiments for demonstration. In all such experiments, the animal is unconscious throughout the experiment, and is killed after the experiment, then and there, still under the anæsthetic. It dies in its sleep. None of us is likely to die such an easy death as that.

(5) "We doubt," you say, "whether tuberculin has been useful in the treatment of consumption." I can only submit to you, that the men who have had the widest experience with tuberculin, experience extended over many years, do believe that the use of tuberculin, in suitable cases, carefully watched and estimated, does give good results in the treatment of consumption. But let us suppose that their authority must not be reckoned of any weight. The fact remains that experiments on animals led to the discovery of the tubercle bacillus. From this discovery came the diagnosis of consumption by the examination of sputa, the detection of tubercle in cattle by the tuberculin test, the present method of keeping tubercle out of the national milk supply, the recognition of tuberculosis as an infective disease, the compulsory notification of tuberculosis, and so forth.

(6) "There is abundant reason," you say, "to question the claims made for the new treatment of typhoid." I take it that you mean the protective treatment against typhoid. I pray you to study Sir William Leishman's evidence as to the protection of our soldiers in India, and the more recent evidence of the epidemic in Avignon. But if these authorities have no weight with you, I pray you to consider the fact that the protective treatment against typhoid has been enforced, as a compulsory measure, throughout the Army of the United States. Would any Government in its proper senses have done that, if the preventive treatment against typhoid were a mere fad or fashion?

(7) You refer to the wild and well-nigh mad statement, that six millions of the natives of India have been killed by Haffkine's protective treatment against plague. I shall not soon forget the judge's contempt, anger, and outspoken disgust as he showed to the jury the ghastly cartoon, the skeletons of Plague and of Death, with Miss Lind's state-

ment under it, that six and a half millions of people have been killed, as it were, by our Government in India. That cartoon, of itself, was enough to wreck her action. You call this terrible falsehood "rash, and probably untrue." Do you for one moment think it could be true? Are you not certain that it is altogether false?

(8) You say that Sir David Bruce's experiments on monkeys, whereby he proved the truth about Malta fever, "appear in retrospect wholly unnecessary." It is strange that you should say that. How otherwise could the thing have been proved? Guess work, short of absolute proof, would not have sufficed for interference with the milk trade of Malta. You say that a "whole tribe of monkeys" was used. That is a vague reckoning. You say that there was good reason to suspect the goats from mere observation. The goats looked healthy: they had been infecting our garrison for half a century or more, and had escaped observation.

(9) You allude to Voltaire's ancient statement that results obtained on an animal cannot be assumed for the human being. Take the testing of digitalis. Of two samples of digitalis on the market, one may be three times as strong as the other. Very well. The two samples are tested on the hearts of frogs. By this simple test their relative strength is ascertained.

(10) You say that Dr. Hughlings Jackson "completed his map of the higher brain centres." Do you suggest to your readers that there ever was, or will be, any map of the higher brain centres, apart from the experiments made by Fritsch and Hitzig in Germany, and Ferrier and Yeo in our own country?

(11) You say that we lack the social courage to bring clean air to the slums, and therefore look for the magical injection that will cure consumption. Is it really true that we dare not do our best to help the poor? But, in plain truth, what have "ignorance, and poverty, and dirt," got to do with cancer, or with diabetes, or with syphilis, or with general paralysis of the insane, or with tetanus? What have they got to do with distemper in dogs, glanders in horses, anthrax, rinderpest, Texas cattle fever? What have they got to do with sleeping sickness in Africa? By all means let us improve the slums, those of us who can. Meanwhile, let us honor the men who are studying the causes and the treatment of the diseases of man and of animals.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN PAGET,

Hon. Secretary, Research Defence Society.

21, Ladbroke Square, W.

April 29th, 1913.

[We cannot re-argue the case for and against vivisection in a footnote. With regard to Hughlings Jackson's map of the higher brain centres, we are under the impression, derived from an observer of Jackson's methods and discoveries, that Hitzig's experiments merely confirmed their remarkable and exact truth.—Ed., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your very sympathetic article on "Humanity in Research" you refer in detail to a subject which was mentioned during the recent libel action. You introduce it as follows: "The stamping out of Malta fever was claimed by several of the more authoritative witnesses in this case as a typical triumph of vivisection," and you proceed to state that, by inoculation experiments, "good positive proof" was afforded that this fever was due to goats' milk, but that previous to the experiments "there was good reason to suspect, on grounds that rested on observation alone, that it was caused by the milk supply from goats." As the latter statement can be disproved, and as, unfortunately, the true facts about Malta fever were not elucidated at the trial, I trust you will courteously allow me to point them out.

Colonel Bruce, the discoverer of the microbe and the originator of the goats' milk idea, told the Royal Commission on Vivisection: "A Local Government Board man, who was recommended by Mr. Power, went out to Malta to work at the fever from the epidemiological standpoint, to examine by the method of statistics the incidence among those who drank water, beer, milk, and all that kind of thing, to see whether any light could be thrown upon this fever. But after very hard work for six or seven months, during which

time he lost four stone in weight, he came to the conclusion that milk at least was not the cause. We sent out others. We sent out one or two men, and we sent out Colonel Davies, who is a man who worked at it in the same way, and he came to the conclusion that milk was not the cause."

The fantastic goats' milk idea is indeed steeped in the methods of vivisection; and the true answer to the claim made is not that its discovery was independent of that method, or that the goats were kept in a dirty condition (as stated by the plaintiff), but that goats' milk had nothing whatever to do with the cessation of the fever. The facts, which were elucidated by Dr. Hadwen, were published in two articles contributed by himself to the "Contemporary Review," in 1909. Briefly stated, his reasons for disbelieving the milk theory are as follows:—

1. Because the main reduction in the Army—from 643 cases in 1905 to 120 in the first half of 1906—took place before the milk was stopped at all.

2. Because it coincided with the removal of the troops from the disgraceful St. Elmo Barracks, whence nearly all the fever cases had come. The men were removed to palatial new barracks on the hill-side.

3. Because the reduction in the Navy took place gradually, as the harbor was gradually cleansed, and not suddenly, as with the Army.

4. Because the story of a cargo boat, which Bruce said "clinched the fact," was found to be a tissue of exaggerations and mis-statements, which I shall be very glad to specify, if required, in another letter.

5. Because, owing to the improvement made in the sanitation of Malta, all fevers are declining on the Island.

6. Because, allowing for this general decline, as Malta fever decreased, "simple continued fever" increased; and, as there had always been admittedly a confusion between the two, this fact was significant.

7. Because the natives of Malta repudiate Bruce's theory, knowing the fever to be endemic in certain houses and localities, irrespective of milk-drinking.

8. Because those experienced people voiced their protest through their Parliament, every elected member of which vehemently opposed Bruce's theory.

9. Because, when statistics were collected dividing milk-drinkers from non-milk-drinkers, they did not corroborate that theory.

10. Because the fever, always inconsiderable among the natives, declined among them 50 per cent., although, owing to the fact that they could not sell the milk to the garrison, they were drinking it more than ever themselves. This was strikingly apparent in the first year or two.

These facts are so conclusive that it would be extraordinary that so many eminent medical men should bow down to the creed of the milk microbe, were it not for the fact that "eminent" men usually take their opinions from other "eminent" men without the slightest examination, and meet rational criticism, however weighty, with the jeers of ignorant self-assertion if it is proffered by those to whom they deny the adjective.—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE E. KIDD (Secretary,

British Union for Abolition of Vivisection).

32, Charing Cross, S.W.

April 29th, 1913.

"WHAT THE GOVERNMENT HAVE TO FACE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue there appear three letters on the subject of woman suffrage—one by a woman, and two by men. The men, disregarding my effort to put the subject on a broad basis, exhaust themselves in pettifoggish little attempts to prove inaccuracies and self-contradictions where absolutely none exist, except those into which they themselves fall. Neither has any sense of the scandalous position in which the Liberal Party now finds itself, with its Leader's views on woman suffrage disavowed by every Liberal newspaper without exception, denounced by Mr. Lloyd George as a barbarous anachronism, and derided by Lord Haldane as destined to amaze posterity. Neither realises that Mr. Asquith, with his backboneless Cabinet and his Irish Illiberals, is responsible for the present chaos of law and order, and the martyrdom of many of our noblest women and some of our most chivalrous men.

Your woman correspondent, on the other hand, after a balanced survey of her subject from a lofty plane, ends by pleading for "statesmen who can turn their attention from all this futile squabbling and meet a great human need and aspiration with some greatness of heart and mind." To judge by these three letters, the two men should be at once disfranchised and the woman given their united votes.—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

3, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.

April 21st, 1913.

[Does not Mr. Zangwill sometimes forget that persuasion is a political art, and that if it had been used more freely in this controversy, woman suffrage would have been in a happier position than that in which it stands to-day?—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mrs. Swanwick writes that she "purposely went no further than Mr. Lloyd George's own words." But does she not *purposely* put upon these words an interpretation "further than Mr. Lloyd George's own" meaning when he uttered them? Impartial readers understood him to mean that it would be "an imputation of deep dishonor" and "an outrage on public good faith" to accuse the Cabinet of *knowingly* drafting their Bill so as to be incapable of amendment.

If Mrs. Swanwick insists on a strictly literal interpretation, apart from the speaker's meaning, one may challenge her assertion that "it is not a matter of opinion but of fact, that the Bill was drafted so as to be incapable of amendment." For the fact is that the amendments *would* have been allowed by the Chairman in Committee, so that the Bill was drafted so as to be *open* to amendment. But such a limited interpretation is, of course, no nearer the *intention* of Mr. Lloyd George than that of Mrs. Swanwick.

By persistently ignoring the fact that the introduction of the Franchise Bill was the redemption of a long standing pledge to the Liberal Party, Mrs. Swanwick conveys the impression that it was its introduction rather than the possibility of its amendment that formed the substance of the Prime Minister's pledge to suffragists.

What we suffragists have the right to demand in fulfilment of the Government pledge, is that any Franchise Bill again introduced shall be so drafted as to allow, not merely of its amendment in Committee, but of its third reading; or that its re-introduction shall be undertaken by the Government if the Speaker should again rule such a course to be necessary.—Yours, &c.,

D. B. McLAREN.

Freshwater Bay, April 21st, 1913.

"THE ONLY WAY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is one way, and one way only, for securing, by legitimate and constitutional means, votes for women; and that is by persuading the existing electorate that we ought to have them. In 1905 the omens were favorable. The work of women in local government and in administration had convinced many men of the justice of our claim for the Parliamentary vote; and many more, half-convinced, would not have opposed the change actively. But childish petulance, deepening into grave crime, has turned the tide, and has turned it, not only amongst men, but amongst women. There is not a single constituency in the kingdom to-day where a victory could be gained on the issue of woman suffrage.

Representative Government is the basis of our Constitution. What men, or what body of men, are entitled to wreck it? Parliament is an august assembly; but there is an assembly outside it more august and more powerful. When the ballot-boxes are open "I hear the tread of uncrowned kings." I think Members of Parliament should weigh well the claims—possibly, the rival claims—of their own convictions and those of the men who sent them there. If they do not there will be a day of reckoning which some of them may not enjoy.

I like roast pig, but I do not propose to burn the house down to get it; it is too expensive. Moreover, I like other things besides roast pig.—Yours, &c.,

S. A. B.

April 30th, 1913.

"WE WANT EIGHT, AND WE WON'T WAIT"—FOR ORDERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—How very much better we manage these things in England than in Germany—no crude bribery of underlings at the Admiralty, with all the disagreeable consequences of exposure that a misplaced letter may bring! Our great armament firms elect upon their Boards the chief officials of Naval Construction, Committee of Imperial Defence, and the Treasury, as they retire, in addition to an imposing array of admirals. And yet we are told that our business methods are behind those of Germany!

Our British firms have a bright future before them; they have as yet but touched the fringe of the possibilities of their trade. So far the Admiralty have provided only two merchant vessels with guns. The arming of our mercantile fleet should keep them full of orders for a long time to come, though the fashion in Super-Dreadnoughts may change. Besides, the possibilities of a few judiciously engineered air scares are as limitless as space.

Many reasons have been given for the steady growth of the Navy under Ministers pledged to the reduction of the cost of armaments; but this one should not be lost sight of—the need that our Navy should be made supreme in *size* when our prospective enemy has the same *quality* of *matériel* placed at its disposal by the patriotic firms which supply our own Admiralty.

No; British traders are still ahead of their German rivals.—Yours, &c.,

J. B. MORRELL.

Burton Croft, York.

April 29th, 1913.

THE TRADE IN FEAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If your proposal that munitions of war should only be made by direct Government manufacture would really reduce expenditure on armaments, all good citizens would surely support it. But would it have this effect? What about the vote of the armament towns? How could the Government keep the vote of Barrow without sufficient orders for new ships, or of Sheffield if it cut down the supply of armor plate? The older Liberalism had a great—and, I think, a wholesome—dread of the "dockyard vote."—Yours, &c.,

W. M. A.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,

May 1st, 1913.

CONSCRIPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a Scottish contemporary recently, a letter appeared from a Manchester correspondent, quoting a conversation between himself and a New Zealander newly arrived in this country, in which the latter was reported to have said that "you would have to search in New Zealand for those opposed to the Defence Act as diligently as you would have to look for a needle in a haystack."

This gentleman should have referred to his home papers before making this rash statement. For instance, the "New Zealand Times," of February 22nd, reports cases of twenty lads before the court for non-compliance with the Act at Wellington. The same paper, on February 25th, also reports a further batch of defaulters (number not stated) at Dunedin, fined from £2 and costs down to 5s. and costs. Again, the same papers speak of the prosecution of eighty defaulters at Oamaru, and, on reference to the "Lyttelton Times" for February 27th, thirty-eight more lads are reported as defaulters at Christchurch. These are a few recent events; but, turning to the last-named paper for February 25th, we find a letter signed by Mr. E. J. Howard, a well-known Labor Leader in New Zealand, which discloses the fact that 4,000 prosecutions have taken place, and that they are now proceeding at the rate of 200 per week.

It should be borne in mind that New Zealand has a very scanty population—something over a million—about equal to the City of Glasgow; so that out of the section of the community representing the boys between fourteen and

twenty-one years of age, the percentage of defaulters is very heavy. And it should be remembered that all these prosecutions are of boys and young men under age, and that, owing to the possession of the vote, the Hon. Thomas Mackenzie (present High Commissioner), when recently in office as Prime Minister for the Dominion, or his predecessor, (the Right. Hon. Sir Joseph Ward, Bart.), the official initiator of the Conscription Scheme (the real initiation rested with the National Service League of England, who wanted a decoy for Great Britain and sought it in the Antipodes), or the present Premier of the so-called "Reform" Government of New Zealand (the Hon. W. F. Massie), dared not put the law into operation upon the adults as to compulsory service, though the Defence Act clearly brings them into the military fold also.

Again, the eighty and more gaol-lads should be carefully kept in mind, as these young lads have displayed a determination to suffer for their, in many cases, conscientious convictions that will live in history.

All Great Britain, and, later on, New Zealand, will resound with the case of the Lettar family, now within a fortnight's sailing distance of these shores.

This family left Dartford Heath in Kent some fifteen months ago for New Zealand, by direct advice of the High Commissioner's Office in London, but that Office omitted to inform them of the Compulsory Military Service Law, *alias* conscription. Had it been mentioned, they would not have dreamed of selling up their Kentish home and farm to proceed to the Dominion.

After six months' residence in New Zealand, two of the lads were gaol-lads for refusing to comply with the Defence Act, informing the magistrate "that they had not come out to New Zealand to be trained for soldiers, and did not intend to be either, and that they had come to the Dominion for a very different purpose to that."

Subsequently, on February 6th last, the same two lads were again summoned to appear before the Bench at Patea Taranaki for non-compliance with the Act, this time with their youngest brother, just arrived at senior cadet age—viz., fourteen—who also refused obedience to this retrograde Act, which puts the responsibility upon the boy apart from his parents—a direct and gross interference with parental rights. Mr. J. Lettar, senior, determined to put an end to this persecution of his sons (his eldest being over twenty-one and having the vote was not dealt with by those courageous Antipodean law-makers for children); so when the Patea magistrate was sentencing the lads, in absence from court, to fines of £5 to £1 and costs, or alternative gaol again, the lads were speeding northwards to Wellington; and when the court was informed that the lads were flying from the country, the magistrate said "he didn't believe it," and sentenced them accordingly. The next day saw these three younger members of the Lettar family steaming away from New Zealand for an Australian port, there to wait the arrival of the senior members of the family, who joined them some three weeks later, and shortly afterwards took boat for England and freedom from conscription once more.

On their arrival in this country, plenty of opportunity will be given to all to understand the arbitrary character of the compulsory clauses of the New Zealand Defence or Conscription Act. This latter word is strongly objected to by the present Minister for Defence, Education, and Finance, the Hon. James Allen, who, after floating loans to a large amount, is now returning to this country. During intervals of leisure, in press and on platform, on his visit here, he declared that there were very few objectors to this retrograde scheme; but when the true facts are known, much surprise will be expressed also at the attempts now being made to Russianise New Zealand still further through the joint action of the Education Department and the Defence Department with regard to free education, in issuing a circular to the governing bodies and principals of secondary and technical schools throughout the Dominion, running as follows:—

CONDITIONS OF FREE PLACE TENURE—DEFENCE REGULATIONS.

"As among the large number of boys who obtain free places and scholarships granted from the funds of the State, there are probably some to be found who decline or fail to carry out the obligations imposed upon them under the Defence Act, I have, by the direction of the Minister for Education, to intimate that, in the opinion of the Department, the conduct of a free pupil should not be held to be satisfactory if the requirements of the defence regulations are not observed, and

to request accordingly that in future, in the periodical reports upon the holders of free places and scholarships, this matter will receive the necessary consideration among the conditions of tenure to be fulfilled."

The letter was signed by A. J. Anderson, Assistant Inspector-General of Schools. This circular has aroused in New Zealand very severe criticism from pro-conscriptionists and anti-militarists alike, who describe it as a twentieth-century revival of the obnoxious Test Act.—Yours, &c.,

T. C. GREGORY.

5, St. James's Square, Bristol.

April 22nd, 1913.

FORCIBLE FEEDING AND THE CAT-AND-MOUSE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your remarks under the heading "Events of the Week," in your issue of April 12th, you say, in one paragraph, "the law has almost ceased to run in the Alsatia which the suffragettes have set up"; and in the following paragraph you proceed to condemn Mr. McKenna's "Cat-and-Mouse Bill," as you call it, because he retains the right to feed forcibly. I presume you would exempt men as well as women from this forcible process; if so, may I ask what is the amendment to the Bill you would propose to prevent the law being defied by these fanatics? It may be quite proper for the Opposition to try and embarrass the Government over this matter, but for a Liberal paper like THE NATION to do so seems to me inexcusable. If you desire to criticise adversely a Government measure, it is only fair you should suggest a better way. You may say the only solution is to give the women the vote now; but for the Government to throw over all the important measures that have been passed and to go to the country now would be folly. May I ask what you would do?—Yours, &c.,

F. CARDEW.

Tudor Cottage, Whitchurch, Oxon.

[The problem is, of course, a difficult one, and we have never thought its solution was advanced by the tactics of the suffragettes. But as we support woman suffrage, we do not allow such considerations to turn us away from it. Coercion is never by itself a Liberal policy; it is merely an expedient; and our special difficulty, as Liberals, is that we are now in the position of using coercion, and, having no conciliatory policy with which to temper it, and ultimately to supersede it. In the event of the failure of the Dickinson Bill, we have made the suggestion of a Local Option Bill.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

SOBER Wisdom pac'd the street,
Knocked at every door—
Proffering to all, discreet
Words of sagest lore.—
No one hearkened.

Antic Folly, motley-clad,
Donn'd his tinkling hood,—
Lightly toss'd to gay or sad,
Jest to suit his mood.—
Each one hearkened.

"Gossip Wisdom,—for a space
Would I go to sleep;
Don my motley, paint thy face,
Laugh, tho' thou would'st weep,—
Some may hearken."

Wisdom, in wild Folly's guise,
Did his doleful part;
Dash'd the tear-drop from his eyes,—
Hid his breaking heart.—
Some few hearkened.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

The following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Jane Austen: Her Life and Letters." By W. Austen-Leigh and R. A. Austen-Leigh. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The World Soul." By H. Fielding-Hall. (Hurst & Blackett. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Michael Fairless: Her Life and Writings." By W. Scott Palmer and A. M. Haggard. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Lawrence." By Sir Walter Armstrong. (Methuen. 21s. net.)
 "My Past." By Countess Marie Larisch. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "A History of Oratory in Parliament (1213-1913)." By Robert Craig. (Heath, Cranton, & Ouseley. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Dauber: A Poem." By John Masefield. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Truth About Woman." By C. Gasquoine Hartley. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Governor." By Karin Michéla. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Goslings." By J. D. Beresford. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 "Choses Passées." Par Alfred Loisy. (Paris: Nourry. 3fr. 50.)
 "Au Hasard de la Vie: Notes et Souvenirs." Par Edouard Lockroy. (Paris: Grasset. 3fr. 50.)
 "Les Tablettes d'Erinna d'Agriente." Roman. Par Jean Bertheroy. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)
 "Das Moderne Portugal." Von Dr. Gustav Diercks. (Berlin: Paetel. M. 6.)

We learn from "The Guardian" that the biography of the late Father Stanton is to be written by the Rev. E. F. Russell, his colleague at St. Alban's, Holborn, in collaboration with Mr. George W. E. Russell, whose book on St. Alban's was recently reviewed in THE NATION. Those who have letters or other papers concerning Father Stanton are requested to communicate with Mr. A. W. Stanton, 69, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

WHEN Messrs. Walter Scott's biographical series of "Great Writers" first began to appear, a wit—we believe it was Oscar Wilde—dismissed the volumes as "great writers by little men." The taunt was thoroughly undeserved, for many of the biographies were written by men of distinction and weight, and the series is one of decided value. We are glad to see that Messrs. Walter Scott are to make fresh additions to it, and that a volume on "The Life and Writings of Maurice Maeterlinck" by Mr. Jethro Bithell is now in the press. Mr. Bithell is the editor of a couple of useful volumes on contemporary French and Belgian poetry.

"MODERN GRUBB STREET AND OTHER ESSAYS" is the title of a collection of studies and sketches by Mr. A. St. John Adcock which Messrs. Herbert & Daniel announce for early publication. Mr. Adcock treats of such topics as "The Literary Life," "Poetry and the Public," "A Gentleman of the Press," and "The Ideal Holiday." In his earlier books Mr. Adcock has given evidence of the easy and engaging style that befits an essayist, and the coming volume is likely to find a welcome from readers of a bookish turn.

MR. W. LYON BLEASE has written "A Short History of English Liberalism," which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish during the present season. The book traces the progress of Liberalism during the past century and a half, chiefly by the method of quoting speeches and letters which illustrate the way in which the governing classes regarded themselves and their subjects, and the gradual modification of the prevailing ideas of these classes. Mr. Blease concludes with a chapter in which he deals with the present Government, examining its successes and failures in maintaining the true Liberal cause.

COMPLAINTS of the excessive production of books are as common in France and Germany as in this country, and suggestions for weakening the force of the literary deluge are canvassed with an equal absence of result. But the French have this advantage over both ourselves and the Germans that their additions to the world of books include a very much larger proportion of volumes on literary criticism. This superiority is well illustrated by a list which Professor Irving Babbitt appends to his book on "The Masters of Modern French Criticism," recently published by Messrs. Constable. Although this list is confined to the

nineteenth century, and "makes no claim to completeness," it gives the names of more than a hundred and thirty of "the more important writers who are primarily literary critics." Anyone who attempts to make out a similar list for this country cannot fail to be impressed by the contrast. In France it is quite the common thing for a young writer to introduce himself to the world of books by a volume of literary essays. In England there is a great difficulty in getting such books published at all, and, outside the ranks of University professors, we have hardly a single writer, such as M. Faguet, M. Lemaitre, or M. Ernest Charles, who has won a reputation by the practice of literary criticism.

It would be easy to show our traditional attitude towards critics by compiling a catena of quotations in which they are abused. Bacon agreed with Sir Henry Wotton in describing them as but brushers of noblemen's clothes. Samuel Butler said that they are butchers who have no right to sit on a jury. Burns called them cut-throat bandits in the path of fame. Washington Irving regarded them as freebooters in the republic of letters. His namesake, Edward Irving, warned a correspondent that they inhabited the region of pride and malice. Thackeray believed that their only means of livelihood was by finding fault; and among living writers, Miss Corelli has complained vehemently and at length, if not altogether disinterestedly, of their baneful activities. Even critics themselves have shown a like contempt for their trade, and George Henry Lewes went so far as to declare that "the good effected by criticism is small, the evil incalculable." Matthew Arnold, indeed, seems to be the only English critic who had a whole-hearted belief in its use and beneficence.

THE French notion of criticism is very different from the English, and approximates to Arnold's famous definition as "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Anatole France, though he denies the possibility of objective criticism, believes that the part played by the critic is one of increasing importance.

"Criticism," he says, "is the last in date of all the literary forms, and it will, perhaps, end by absorbing them all. It is admirably adapted to a very civilised society which has a rich store of memories and a lengthy tradition. It is particularly suited to a curious, learned, and polished race of men. In order to prosper, it demands more culture than all other literary forms. It had for its creators Saint-Evremond, Bayle, and Montesquieu. Its source is in philosophy and history. In order to develop, it needed an epoch of absolute intellectual liberty. It replaces theology, and if we look for the universal doctor, the St. Thomas Aquinas of the nineteenth century, is it not of Sainte-Beuve that we must think?"

SAINTE-BEUVE—whose "Causeries de Lundi" are now being made accessible to the English reader in a translation by Dr. Trechmann which Messrs. Routledge have in progress—was, indeed, the prince of critics, and to study his fifty volumes is, as Professor Babbitt says, to get very close to the intellectual centre of the nineteenth century. His greatest merit is his universal curiosity, and the immense pains which he took to leave no source of information unexplored. His mind is a mirror in which all the moods and all the movements of his generation are reflected. No writer ever covered so wide a range, and none is so uniformly readable whatever his topic. "He understands Olney as well as Lausanne," says Mr. Birrell, "Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin as well as Madame Necker or the Hampshire Militia. One feels that he could have written a better paper on John Bunyan than Macaulay did, a wiser on John Wesley than anybody has ever done." As the literary predilections of distinguished persons are not without interest, we may mention that Sainte-Beuve is understood to be Mr. Balfour's favorite author, and a reference in the review which Mr. Birrell contributed to last week's NATION seems to point to a similar admiration on the part both of its writer and of the late Sir Alfred Lyall.

"THE STORY OF BELFAST AND ITS SURROUNDINGS" by Miss Mary Lowry, is announced for early publication by Messrs. Headley. There has not been much published about Belfast, although the history of the city under the O'Neills and at the time of the Volunteer movement should furnish some interesting chapters.

Reviews.

A LOVER.

"Michael Fairless: Her Life and Writings." By W. SCOTT PALMER, (M. E. Dowson) and A. M. HAGGARD. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a rare and well-marked type of human personality which appears at intervals throughout the course of history to give joy and strength, new certitude of eternal realities, to all who come within the field of its influence. Essentially creative and artistic in character, it is distinguished, not by the specialised power of attention to some one aspect of the universe, the peculiar innocence of eye or ear, which makes the great painter, musician, or poet; but by the completeness of its correspondences with every level of life. For those who possess this temperament, the world of appearance is one vast sacrament of love; hence their response to its inflowing messages combines the passion of adoration with the passion for homeliest acts of service, and their love and sympathy go out, not only to that which we recognise as the beautiful and the spiritual, but also to that which we choose to regard as the sordid and the mean. There is for them no gulf between that rapt contemplation of beauty—that intense apprehension of reality—of which they are specially capable, and the selfless acts of charity to which they are incessantly impelled. Here, in fact, those forms of love which, when carried to their last term, produce the artist, the philanthropist, or the saint, are found co-existing within the limits of a single personality.

Always temperamentally ascetic, often physically weak—as if the normal frame provided for man's spirit could not withstand the fervor of this fire—these persons are yet possessed of an astonishing energy, a power of transcending circumstance; live, in Ruysbroeck's words, with "a more life-giving life" than other men. To call them "mystics" is obvious, but not wholly accurate; for there have been mystics, and amongst them some of the greatest, who lacked the special characters of this spiritual group—its wide and varied correspondences, its gaiety, freshness, and simplicity, its strong tendency to artistic expression. Like Francis of Assisi, the classic example of this fusion of vision and love, its members are not only mystics; they are poets in action. With him, they move naturally amongst infinitely various activities. The tending of the diseased and the degraded, the happy and intimate companionship of all created things ("My friend, the pheasant," says St. Francis: "I sat down by my lonely little sister," says Michael Fairless of a solitary flower), the secret and awful experiences of the spirit, the creation of beauty, the glad acceptance of pain—all for them form part of one radiant whole; which is Life as they see it, the supreme expression of the divine effort and the divine love.

None who read with understanding the sketch of her life and writings which has just been published, can doubt that Michael Fairless belonged to this elect company. To most people she is known only as the author of three small books; of which one, "The Roadmender," published after her death in 1902, and now in its thirty-first edition, has become widely celebrated for its singular and delicate beauty, the extraordinary appeal which it makes to every type of the modern mind. "The Roadmender" must always remain the best memorial of Michael Fairless. Its very name is, perhaps, the epitaph which she would have loved best. In it she has distilled the essence of her spirituality, her reading of life; and it was her own strong wish that, apart from the personality revealed in it, its writer's identity should remain unknown. The great and continued popularity of "The Roadmender," however, the perpetual demand for information as to its writer, have now forced her sister and her best friend to feel that "her wish to remain unknown must be set aside in face of circumstances she could never have foreseen." They have therefore prepared this little book; founded, as all such memoirs should be, upon the most intimate knowledge, and presented, as they too seldom are, with an admirable dignity and reserve. They believe that its appearance will prove no violation of her spirit; but rather such a sacrifice as she would herself have chosen, contributing to the fulfilment of her deepest desire—"the

desire to give away all she had, to hoard nothing, not even her own self."

It was indeed in her "own self"—her vision and attitude, her ardent and self-giving communion with all grades of existence—that Michael Fairless expressed her message to men; and those who read can feel nothing but the deepest gratitude to those who have consented to write this beautiful record of a life which was itself a poem. That life, as we now see it, was governed by the twin mystic tendencies to vision, and to service; by intense consciousness of Spiritual Reality, intense sympathy with the living, striving world of things—and by the need for expression, for some issue in action, which such intuitive love always brings in its train.

"She was," says Mrs. Dowson here, "an artist, with the artist's longing for creative expression. But while she was able to move about among her fellows her imaginative force, together with such strength of body as she had and her fine intellectual endowment were spent on their behalf. She gave herself without stint and, it appeared, without regret for much that must consequently stand aside. Men and their miseries, their poverty, pleasures, joys and pains, seemed to take the place for her of the artist's material in language or clay or color. The material she chose was life, life in all its crudity or evasiveness, its stubborn resistance, forbidding weakness, its failures and faults."

Hence, the greater part of Michael Fairless's short career—she was only thirty-two when she died—was a career of service. Her best years and best strength were spent on "life in all its crudity or evasiveness"—in hospital, slum, or wherever else she found poverty, imperfection, pain; perhaps most characteristically in "the little cottage on the Bath road" where she entertained and tamed the passing tramps.

"Every man who came had a table and chair under shelter; the plainest, simplest food; materials for mending his clothes, tea or cocoa to drink, her smile, her wonderful eyes upon his, her open heart and word. Never a thing was stolen from her doors, her wide windows; never a penny did she give; but many a man begged leave to chop wood for her, to dig in her garden—some little thing to show what she had done for him."

Nor did the creative power, the comprehensive love, the transmuting touch, stop short at human nature. Like so many of her great spiritual brethren, this adept of eternity had "a perennial love and carefulness for every creature of the earth," and therefrom sprang her gift of friendship with, and power over, animals, even the most fierce and the most shy. Birds perched on her, rabbits came to her, outlawed cats she brought back to citizenship; even a poor tormented bear, made savage by much misery, was gentle in her hands. Her little brothers and sisters recognised this "shy lover of the fields and woods" as one of themselves; and "they grew in spirit under the magic of her hands and the stirring warmth of her heart." There was in Michael Fairless none of the folly of "mysticality." She was like spring water: clear, deep, real, yet bright and sparkling—ever ready with refreshment, yet steadfastly pressing on towards the end of life. Her passion for beauty was free from aestheticism; her passion for service was distinguished by the sanity of the truly spiritual—that vision which has breadth as well as height. An optimism which did not fear ugliness, a keen sense of humor, that gaiety which is the privilege of the truly detached—these qualities which we know and love in her writings are here shown to us as governing her whole outlook on existence. She was able to accept marred beauty, and there recognise the image of God: that greatest test of faith and hope. The natural poet for whom there were "no little things," since everything touches the eternal, who could say of her first gentian, "What need of another, for, finding one, I had gazed into the mystery of all?"—who knew that "we can never be too Pagan if we are truly Christian," and finding "the language of books less plain than scent and song and the wind in the trees," longed on her deathbed "not so much for the beauty to come" as to "open her eyes a little wider to the beauty of the world"—this mind and heart found an outlet for its love, whilst strength lasted, in action rather than in contemplation; in "roadmending" undertaken upon the least attractive highways of life.

Only when her health faded, during the last two years of her life, did the instinct for artistic creation fully assert itself. To these twenty months of intense suffering, which would have daunted any less radiant spirit,

we owe the greater part of her literary output. Forced to lay down "the wonted weapons of her charity," she at once, with the singular courage of her type, "took up others. And with these she made a way, not only to hearts beyond any range of hers before, but also for her artist-soul, frustrate in the years gone by." The series of sketches which make up "The Roadmender" were first written, then—when writing became impossible—dictated, in increasing pain and weakness. Its last chapter was composed but a few days before her death, when she was almost blind, and speech difficult and painful; under circumstances which made its creation, as Mrs. Dowson here says, a "deed of heroism."

There is in those beautiful pages little of the "other worldliness" supposed to be proper to the mystic, eager for an exclusively transcendental reality; though their author knew well that "silence greater than speech, darkness greater than light" which is the mystic's home.

The immanent beauty and love which Michael Fairless had known and worshipped, sometimes in the most unexpected places, blessed and enfolded her to the last. Her farewell message speaks to us, not of some "place beyond uttermost place," but rather of a transfigured land of living things, self-radiant in the light of perfect charity, and of man's spirit, gladly and humbly taking its place in that great manifestation of the Sons of God.

"What better note can our frail tongue lip than the voice of wind and sea, river and stream, those grateful servants giving all and asking nothing?"

It was her own ideal of love and service, now perceived by her shining in the universe: in that supreme moment when the anointed senses feel the light.

LADY GREGORY'S EXAGGERATIONS.

"New Comedies." By Lady GREGORY. (Putnam. 5s. net.)

LADY GREGORY propounds an astonishing theory of tragedy and comedy in a note at the end of the present book. She contends that tragedy is easier to write than comedy. She was herself, she explains, "forced to write comedy because it was wanted for our theatre, to put on at the end of the verse plays, but . . . I think tragedy is easier." Frankly, the comparison appears to us rather absurd. It is like saying that Euclid is easier than Latin composition. Obviously, in each case, the ease or difficulty depends entirely on the person who tries it. *Æschylus*, we may take it, found it easier to write tragedy—*Aristophanes* to write comedy. But Lady Gregory will not be satisfied with so happy-go-lucky an explanation as that. She has a theory that in tragedy you have only to put your actor in the grip of destiny and, as it were, quietly leave him to work out his own destruction.

"Once in that grip, you know what the end must be. You may let your hero kick or struggle, but he is in the claws all the time. It is a mere question as to how nearly you will let him escape, and when you will allow the pounce. Fate itself is the protagonist; your actor cannot carry much character; it is out of place. You do not want to know the character of a wrestler you see trying his strength at a show."

Comedy, however, is, in her opinion, quite another and more arduous matter. In comedy

"character comes in, and why it is so I cannot explain, but as soon as one creates a character, he begins to put out little feet of his own, and take his own way."

All this is quite interesting. It is interesting, however, less for the light it throws on drama in general than for the light it throws on Lady Gregory's conception of how to write plays. It shows, for instance, that while she fails to realise that tragedy reveals the tragic conflict of character with circumstances, she sees with admirable clearness that here at least everything should flow simply and naturally from the central situation. On the other hand, she quite misses the fact that in comedy a similar unity is possible, and even desirable, as in "*Tartuffe*." Comedy is to her a series of masterly divagations, in which each of the characters "begins to put out little feet of his own, and take his own way." Obviously, this is in the nature of an apology for her own comic art.

We fear, however, that the divagations in which Lady Gregory indulges so generously are not, as she thinks—at least in her later plays—divagations of character, but divagations

of talk. As she has gone on writing, she has become less and less concerned with comic tangles of situation, and more and more concerned with comic tangles of speech. Two of the plays in the present book, "*The Bogie Man*" and "*Coats*," are, like the famous "*Workhouse Ward*," practically duologues, in which one character keeps overtaking the extravagant sentences of the other with sentences as much more extravagant as possible. And that is increasingly the special virtue of Lady Gregory's comedies—the virtue of speech, not of action. Her comedies are decorations in words: that is why she finds them more difficult to write than tragedy, in which there is no place for all this wealth of recondite ornament. That explains, too, why the people in her comedies so often strike one as being a little crazy. She has had to specialise in the loose and untempered words of moony-witted people in order to get the necessary wildness of fancy into her speech. The result very often does not make for drama, but for wonderful sentences. "*The Full Moon*" in the present book, for instance, which has neither beginning nor end as a play, is rich in wild sentences, each of which gives us a separate comic pleasure.

It is dedicated, appropriately enough, "to all sane people . . . who know their neighbors to be naturally cracked, or somehow queer, or to have gone wrong in the head." It is a kind of long revel in one's neighbor's lunacies. In it Lady Gregory reintroduces a medley of characters from her early plays—*Bartley Fallon* and *Shawn Early* from "*Spreading the News*," *Mrs. Broderick* from "*The Jackdaw*," and *Hyacinth Halvey* from the seven-and-seventy times delightful play which is called after him. The action of the play takes place on a night of full moon, on which *Hyacinth* is attempting to escape from the respectabilities in which he has been trapped, and the others are with him on the railway platform where he is waiting for his train. The talk runs largely on asylums, and a mad dog that has been running about the neighborhood, and the terrors of being bitten. Here, assuredly, is just the opportunity for a display of those sky-high exaggerations of speech which Lady Gregory loves. As an example of the quality of her exhibition, we may take *Bartley Fallon's* talk on madhouses with *Cracked Mary* (who has been in one):

"*BARTLEY FALLON*: I never would wish to be put within a madhouse before I'd die.

CRACKED MARY: Sorry they were losing me. There was not a better prisoner in it than my own four bones.

BARTLEY FALLON: Squeals you would hear from it, they were telling me, like you'd hear at the ringing of pigs. Savages with whips beating them the same as hounds. You would not stand and listen to them for a hundred sovereigns."

In a similar vein of exaggeration is *Cracked Mary's* statement about the pursuit of the mad dog:

"The motor-cars is going out to track him, for fear he would destroy the world!"

And *Bartley Fallon's* memory of school can provide something as absurdly fantastic:

"When the master in the school where I was went queer, he beat me with two clean rods, and wrote my name with my own blood."

As the play advances, *Bartley* gets, or pretends to get—we confess the play leaves us a little bewildered—a notion that he has been bitten by the dog in the leg and may be going mad; and here again we have extravagance out-extravaganced in the neighbors' suggestions of the best way to deal with him:—

"*MRS. BRODERICK*: It would be more natural to cut the leg off him in some sort of a Christian way.

SHAWN EARLY: If it was a pig was bit, or a sow, or a bonav, and it to show the signs, it would be shot, if it was a whole fleet of them was in it.

MRS. BRODERICK: I knew of a man that was butler in a big house that was bit, and they tied him first, and smothered him after, and his master shot the dog. A splendid shot he was; the thing he'd not see he'd hit it the same as the thing he'd see. I heard that from an outside neighbor of my own, a woman that told no lies.

SHAWN EARLY: Sure, they did the same thing to a high-up lady over in England, and she after being bit by her own little spaniel, and it having a ring round its neck."

And so on, and so on.

It will be seen that, if you translate all this into plain English, you will find yourself with the elements of a knock-about farce on your hands. But, luckily, Lady Gregory does not write plain English, but one of the most delightfully

incongruous dialects that ever begged its way round the roads of Ireland—a kind of ragged royalty among dialects. Even her country editors speak it in the play called "Coats"—a contest in boasting and invective between two of them. "I will not be forgotten!" cries Hazel, editor of "The Champion":—

"I hope posterity will put a good slab over me. Not like some would be left without a monument, unless it might be the rags of a cast waistcoat would be put on sticks in a barley garden, to go flapping at the thieves of the air."

And in "Damer's Gold," a comedy of a miser and his disappointed relations, we find almost too much of the same spangled jargon, as when Delia, sent home with a jar empty of gold and without as much as will buy her a goat or a guinea-hen, cries out:—

"Ah, what's goats, and what is guinea-hens? Did you ever see yoked horses in a coach, their skin shining out like shells, rising their steps in tune, like a patrol of police? There are peacocks on the lawns of Lough Cutra, they were telling me, having each of them a hundred eyes."

Lady Gregory, of course, has been influenced in her use of country speech by Synge, and, like Synge, she is in danger of elaborating it to a point where it ceases to be a thing of nature, and becomes a manifest thing of artifice.

The situations in the comedies have, of course, always tended to be unreal. They are, most of them, farcical situations magically clothed in living speech. Will the speech, too, get further and further away from life as Lady Gregory refines and remoulds it? Will she ultimately give us plays which are nothing but a procession of fancies and hyperboles, as Congreve gave us plays which were nothing but a processions of epigrams? We are ourselves inclined to think that she will finally be appreciated as a writer of artificial comedy—the artificial comedy of Irish village life. It is in artificial comedy that Irish dramatists writing in English have always excelled. Sheridan is one instance, Wilde another. And Mr. Shaw, realistic though he may be in his ideas, is seldom so either in his dialogue or in his characterisation. Lady Gregory's method, different though it is from that of any of these writers, is also the method of joyous and incessant sparkle, and we enthusiastically accept it for what it is worth. But we are concerned lest it should become the tedious manufactured sparkle of cleverness and cease to be an essential reflection of life. So far, her attentive friendship with old loquacious people has usually served her well—has brought her a supply of speech that has a country freshness as well as a country responsiveness to the gay disorder of the world. Our great hope regarding her is that she will determine faithfully to chronicle the talk of the villages, instead of trying to invent something a little more exaggerated, a little funnier. So long as she does this, she may make her situations as knockabout as she pleases, and we will do our best not to grumble.

THE END OF DEVELOPMENT.

"Development and Purpose." By L. T. HOBHOUSE. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

How far is the human mind capable of discovering or constructing a system to which the term "reality" is applicable, and, if it can establish such a system, what is its own place and function in that system? Modern psychology is giving new contents to these ancient questions, and to many philosophic thinkers holds out new hopes of attaining satisfactory answers. For if the history of the human mind shows, in the modes, aims, and results of its evolution, characteristics identical with those of the wider process of Cosmic evolution, so far as it is discernible, this harmony between the theory of mind and the general course of Nature will yield the substance of a system of "reality" verified by two originally separate methods of inquiry. The historical investigation into the growth and work of mind, and the application to it of a standard of values got by independent philosophical analysis and accepted for the intellectual and ethical interpretation of experience, constitute the double path to "reality" followed by Professor Hobhouse in this, his latest, most original, and most ambitious work. In an interesting introduction, he sets out the goal to which his closely reasoned argument should lead, and explains how his mind, moving forward from an

early stress upon mechanical causation to an organic conception of reality, is now compelled to admit an element of purpose as a dominant directive factor.

Though the earlier sections of the work contain much valuable ordering of facts interpreting the order of the growth of mind both for the practical and intellectual work of life, and much close reasoning upon the methods employed by men of science and by moralists in reconstructing the empirical thoughts and feelings of ordinary men and women in terms of mental order, the importance of the book will depend upon the acceptance or rejection which the thinking world will apply to two really novel and critical positions, viz., the establishment of a standard of validity and the restatement of the great penultimate issues in terms of purpose. Both positions depend upon, or, more properly speaking, involve, a doctrine of Reality that is neither constructed in the fashion of idealist metaphysics out of categories nor seized by mysticism or dogmatism, but is reached as the logical result of "a reconstruction of the conceptual order by taking into account the conditions of its development." Analysis of all processes and theories of development of life shows psycho-physical structure growing and working in relation to an environment by means of some unifying forward-looking power, instinctively creative in its earlier forms, but attaining a higher grade of consciousness as it proceeds. In the highest modes of human life, individual and collective, it becomes self-conscious, and so achieves a higher power of directivity for realising more or less definitely prevised ends. The correlation of independently discovered factors at each stage is not merely an artificial order imposed by the mind of man pursuing some useful private end, as Pragmatism inclines to hold, but a testimony to the existence of a real system of reality in the actual relations of the phenomena which constitute our world.

There is no Absolutism in the claim to reach a Reality which is not "the whole," though it may be "a whole." It is not possible to present here the finely spun chain of reasoning by which Mr. Hobhouse moves towards the establishment of this central position, identifying the "real" with the connected system which reason finds in cognition, and the harmonious system it finds in the development of ethical practice.

"On the practical, as on the theoretical side, then, we take the movement of mind to be a movement towards truth through progressive harmony. But, on the one hand, the aim of rational construction is an appreciation, partial, but within its limits, just, of the Real Order; on the practical side it is the appreciation, as an object of effort, of an ideal which is rationally justified, and founded on the real conditions of the Spiritual Order." "In both cases the movement of mind may be regarded as a movement towards reality, in which the appreciation of its own development is the final condition of a just orientation."

So we are brought to the view that "the idea of development lies at the very basis of validity itself." To what does development tend? Towards larger and more complex harmony. And this conception of harmonious development gives "value." Here we enter the region of teleology. Perhaps the most critical section of the argument is in a chapter entitled "Mechanism and Teleology," in which the contradiction of the mechanical and developmental or organic structures and expositions is attributed to a difference in the meaning and mode of "causation" that is respectively employed. Efficient causation yields and sustains the mechanical, final or "teleological" causation the organic conception. For development, the writer recognises, cannot any longer be regarded as operated by a merely immanent directivity, but must be considered as a repository of "purpose" motivated in time by the future end to which it is tending. Upon the issue, "How shall we conceive the future event as an operative force in the present?" Mr. Hobhouse does not appear to us to express himself with quite his usual lucidity. Nor do we easily follow his use of the mathematical conception of "a limit" to explain the apparent leap from quantitative to qualitative change, as he applies it (page 312) to form a bridge from the mechanical to the organic, arguing that "by perfection of predetermined arrangement the mechanical may acquire more and more of organic and purposive character, but in the limit, where the correlation is complete, it passes over into the region at once of organicity and purpose." Is the mathematical reasoning by which it is

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argued, e.g., that a polygon is conceived as passing into a different kind of thing, to wit, a circle, "at the limit," applicable for the evolution of mechanism into organism? Might it not be safer to regard the whole conception of mechanism as a defective one for describing any system of correlation from the standpoint of "reality" or the ordered whole? So inherently difficult is it to find clear and accepted terminology for the philosophic account of development in its relation to a whole, that we are not certain of grasping Mr. Hobhouse's full thought upon this issue. Apparently, however, he considers the idea of purposive development to involve a dualism of mechanism and organisation, the organising purpose in reality being engaged continually in subduing a mechanical structure which runs throughout the whole, and which, so far as it is not thus dominated by purpose, yields elements of discord and evil. Development, or the progressive conquest of the organising principle, thus represents progress, the achievement of the good, and derives its "value" from the intellectual and moral validity of the judgments it affords in the fields of knowledge and of practice. It is an exceedingly strenuous and powerful endeavor to reach a "just description of the goal to which the movement of the world tends," and to establish by the double process of historical description and logical analysis the acceptance of "a power of the nature of mind operating under conditions towards the effectuation of a world-purpose." This "central mind" itself undergoes development, and is at any given time limited by the refractory elements of the mechanical order which it has not yet subdued into organic unity.

We are convinced that Mr. Hobhouse by this comprehensive and profound study of the nature of development has made a contribution of the first importance to the setting and solution of the problems which trouble the minds of all men who, having discarded the older religions and philosophies, are in search of an account of things which shall at once give satisfaction to the understanding and validity to their hopes and strivings for a better world. He finds in the development of the individual, the collective, and the cosmic mind, a power and principle, which, if it is neither omnipotent nor omnipresent, is continually enlarging the area of its presence and its potency.

THE PERSONALITIES OF LONDON.

"A Londoner's London." By WILFRED WHITTEN. (Methuen. 6s.)

A MAN of genius, whose youth drew in the air of Peeblesshire, used to say that no man really knew any country save that of his first ten years. At that age field and hedge, road and tree, and "the garden where the lilacs grew," need no association of incident to fix them on the memory. Its first-formed tissue is the last to fail, and the dying adventurer will babble of green fields. The Londoner's retrospect of London is of other quality. He has always been on the spot. He has read of many changes, he has seen many changes, and only by an effort can he reconstruct the successive stages. The man who, to borrow Lord Eldon's word from Mr. Whitten's quotation, found his first "perch" in London on the verge of manhood, is hardly at a disadvantage beside the man who trotted about the streets in his infancy. There are many aspects under which he may choose to view the town, and not the least interesting is that which seems most to please Mr. Whitten.

Mr. Whitten views London as a place that has had inhabitants. He makes the interesting suggestion that "the *primum mobile* of Dickens's inspiration was place, not personality; that his first relationship with the material of his art was with streets, houses, and precincts, which communicated to him a sense of the human personalities they had absorbed." We do not know whether Mr. Whitten started with men or with houses. In either case, he has peopled his London with the long series of its notable inhabitants. They stand each in his topographical environment, and our acquaintance with them is refreshed by their surroundings. We have a guide-book to persons; but whereas a guide-book is apt to be jejune, Mr. Whitten lends interest to whatsoever he touches. It is curious that the one blank in his knowledge is the philosopher of Fleet Street. He quotes an

imaginary friend as saying that a wonderful book could be written about Fleet Street "if you will leave out Dr. Johnson." It may be feared that Mr. Whitten's chapter on the Street would have omitted the Doctor if it could. At any rate, no true Johnsonian could have described Johnson's Tettie as "the wife who had ruffled him for forty years." Johnson's age when he lost his wife was two-and-forty, and, precocious though he was, Mr. Whitten has antedated the marriage, and indeed the acquaintance with Mrs. Porter, by more than a score of years. To his readers he gives credit for an intimate knowledge of Boswell, for he alludes without explanation to the Great Twalmley. On the other hand, he deals out to us what seems a groundless rebuke. "Why," he asks, "is Prior so little remembered as a man?" It is hard to test celebrity, but we doubt whether Prior is more forgotten than any man with an equal claim to remembrance. It is in Poet's Corner that Mr. Whitten presents us to Prior. The dwelling-house near at hand, or even the Rummors beyond Whitehall, would have been a better site. Indeed, we could have wished that Mr. Whitten had passed the Abbey by. The few pages that he gives to it are necessarily eclectic, and are not in proportion with the rest of his work. He may perhaps reply that his theme is that part of London which he knows well, and that he might be open to reproach if it could be implied that he had but a bowing acquaintance with the place of tombs. In one case, Mr. Whitten should have called the stone to refute a malicious suggestion which he quotes. The monument to Garrick was set up at the cost of Albany Wallis. The obituarist in the "Gentleman's Magazine" supposed that Wallis desired to link his name for ever with the man whose death eclipsed the gaiety of nations. But the monument describes itself only as the tribute of a friend. Facing that monument is the bust of Dryden, parading the name of its donor, Johannes Dux Buckinghamiensis. Could not Wallis, if he had wished, have followed the dual example?

Since Mr. Whitten's book may well expect another edition, we may mention a few mistakes. He says that in the church of Austin Friars "sleeps one of Shakespeare's finest characters, Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham." The dramatist has misled our author, for the victim of King Henry's axe was in fact of the House of Stafford. Mr. Whitten transposes the Christian names of Eldon and Stowell. It was Lord Eldon that had been John Scott. Again, Mr. Whitten tells that the Polite Grocers "managed their whole business themselves." The contemporary authority of Kirby allows them "the occasional assistance of a young woman, who principally manages the twopenny post." Again, surely, "Home, Sweet Home" was no music of church bells in the reign of George the Third. Nor must Mr. Whitten call Horace a Sabine. Though he had a house in the Sabine Hills, he remained what he calls himself, Sabellus, not a Sabine, but a Samnite. Jack Mitton should be Jack Mytton, and a quotation from "Don Juan" lacks a pronoun necessary to the scansion.

The illustrations of Mr. Frank L. Emanuel have both topographical and artistic value. Perhaps they a little miss the softening effect of the London atmosphere.

THREE NEW NOVELISTS.

"The Toll of the River." By ANDREW FIRTH. (Melrose. 6s.)
 "The Great Gold Rush." By W. H. P. JARVIS. (Murray. 6s.)
 "White Witch." By MERIEL BUCHANAN. (Jenkins. 6s.)

THE first volume in Mr. Melrose's "New Novelists Library" may be said to carry out his programme of introducing to us "writers of more than general promise"; but whether Mr. Firth will come to be a writer "of some significance" is problematical. His subject, the life of an English Irrigation Inspector on the Nile, is handled intimately, but his style is a little dry, and one would wish that less space were allotted to the hero's love intrigue with Mrs. Jameson, the wife of his superior officer, and more to the psychology of the native Egyptians. It is Maurice Harvey's infatuation for the shallow coquette, Lucy Jameson, that puts him in the power of the wily Mahmud Bilél, a district inspector and the nephew of a powerful Pasha, and the plot of the novel turns on the Irrigation Department's inability to back up its own white officials against native intrigues. "It was



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necessary to treat natives gingerly, as, after all, the country was theirs, and to dismiss Mahmud Bilél for practising the universal moral code of his nation was impossible unless a clean sweep be made of all the others who did likewise." So argues Sir Donald, the head of the Department, and this puts in a nutshell the struggle between the British administration and "the custom of the country." The trouble begins when Maurice Harvey discovers that Ramzy, the Coptic cultivator, has lost his crops through Bilél's manoeuvre to keep back the Copt's official permit to work his pump upon his land. Harvey reports Bilél, and the latter, who holds that "justice is favoritism at best, and at worst is sale to the highest bidder," sees his opportunity when he finds Harvey kissing Mrs. Jameson at the Cotillon Ball at Shepherds'. The unscrupulous Bilél, who has taken an Oxford degree, is by far the most interesting person in the story, and the novelist that could tell the story from his point of view, and show how English habits and ways appear to Egyptian eyes, would command general attention. We get a clever glimpse indeed in the chapter where we assist at poor Olive Tregarthen's release from her semi-matrimonial bondage to Bilél in the latter's native bungalow. The foolish Mrs. Tregarthen had fondly arranged a match at home between her daughter and the fascinating young Egyptian, refusing to believe that "unless Olive became a Mohammedan, no English marriage ceremony was binding in Egypt." So when Olive, later, entreats to be taken away from the harem, where she is found tossing on the big brass bedstead that Bilél has specially imported from Maple's, she is handed over to her outraged relatives for a monetary consideration. It is scenes such as this that count, and we grudge the lengthy unfolding of the stages of Maurice's love intrigue and the scenes of official life in which Messrs. Capper and Bonner, Borrodaile and O'Callaghan, Jameson and Sims-Evans, and other typical Britishers, take a hand. The curious aridity of tone that distinguishes the British official and his home life becomes rather overpowering as the tale reaches its climax, with Bilél's blackmailing of Maurice, and the latter's unavailing struggle in the trap deliberately baited for him. Ultimately, Rasul, "the one straight engineer in the Hella circle," straightens out the tangle by killing Bilél, his old enemy, and committing suicide; and, despite Sir Donald's efforts to hush up the affair, the whole truth is told in court, when Harvey is acquitted on the charge of being "an accessory before the fact." The moral of the novel seems to be that the climate saps the *morale* of a man who has served long in the country, and that it is hopeless to expect honesty or "the life-blood of initiative" from the natives, who have suffered from "the sapping centuries." Mr. Firth would do well to construct his next story on broader, simpler lines, and to aim at conveying a stronger sense of the Nile's atmosphere.

In "The Great Gold Rush" Mr. Jarvis has set forth an interesting unwritten chapter in the history of the Klondyke and "the early days of Dawson." In his preface he tells us that "the stories of corruption among the officials at Dawson are those which a visitor would have heard on every hand," and he writes as one who "has met, mixed with, and lived with" the various types of prospectors who appear in his pages. His artistic scheme is simple, but effective enough. With the old-timers, John Berwick and George Bruce, and the Australian, Hugh Spencer, we find ourselves with a crowd of fortune-seekers on board the steamship "Aleutian," in March, 1898, bound for the Klondyke. Berwick has lost his mining outfit in British Columbia through a river snowslide on Judas Creek, and he has struck out to reach the Yukon and recoup his fortune. The three miners having landed at Skagway hit the trail for White Skag City, and Hugh and John nearly lose their lives in a snow blizzard in the Chilcoot Pass. They are only saved, indeed, by stumbling up against a police camp on Crater Lake, the officials "living in tents with water six inches deep within, and the thermometer many degrees below freezing point," while collecting the duties from the prospectors on the trail. Throughout the story the North-West police, or "yellow-legs" as they are popularly styled, are painted as honest, kindly fellows, the miners' troubles being with the civil officials, "the Gold Commissioner's gang," whose duty it is to register all claims, but who are out for "graft" and claim stealing. The Ottawa Government is at the mercy of the local officials, who are hand-in-glove with "grafters" and "mergers," such as the notorious

Pooh-Bah who "comes pretty near running things in Dawson." So, at least, say half the miners on the trail, who long for "Uncle Sam to come and take over the country." And our prospectors agree, when, having staked three good claims on Dominion Creek hillside and raced back to Dawson, they are told that "their claims have already been recorded" the previous day in the name of some of Pooh-Bah's friends! The scandal of the Dominion Creek case is past endurance, and Berwick and his mates organise over a thousand well-armed miners and take up a position on the hill which commands Dawson and the police barracks. To oppose them, the Police Commandant, Smoothbore, has only a couple of hundred men, and it looks as though the Government would stand a poor chance directly hostilities begin. Berwick, however, meets with an accident, and the police hit on the happy idea of bamboozling his followers by spreading the news of a new-found fresh Eldorado on Fifty-seven Mile River, news which causes a rush thither the same day. Truth to say, though Mr. Jarvis may be following the course of history, these passages are not of any particular artistic value, and the plot is not improved when Berwick's old love, Alice Peel, appears suddenly on the scene, with her father, the Surgeon-Major, in pursuit of their scheme of establishing a hospital in Dawson. Berwick, of course, is nursed back to health by "the only girl in all the world," and the story ends with the discovery that the miners' first claims staked on Chechacho Hill "are now reckoned among the richest ground on all the Klondyke."

The publisher's impressive announcement that "White Witch" is the work of a daughter of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, "who has made good use of her opportunities of studying humanity, diplomatic and otherwise, in London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna," is somewhat discounted by the feeble passage extracted and printed on the wrapper. One cannot have it both ways, and presumably the tastes of the "Family Herald" order are not those which appeal to ambassadorial circles. In justice to Miss Meriel Buchanan, however, one gladly admits that the offending extract is not fully representative. When the high-born girl, Eileen von Apensberg Trann, has accepted the hand of her fascinating worldly suitor, Prince Maximilian of Ungarschitz, she is human enough to burst into half-strangled sobs, and say to her English governess, "Have you got a hanky anywhere about the place? because mine has disappeared. . . . I should cry so much oftener if only my nose didn't get swollen, wouldn't you, Andy?" Eileen has cause for tears, because Prince Maximilian is really in love with her younger sister, Marie Bernardine, the "White Witch" of the story. The analysis of little Marie's infatuation for her sister's dazzling suitor is true to the curious attraction that an elderly blasé man so frequently has for an inexperienced girl. But though in externals this seemingly shy and modest child is charming enough, Miss Buchanan has breathed the wrong soul into her body, and Marie is both too self-conscious and self-loving to appeal to a man with insight. Prince Maximilian's style of conversation is surely a little too Ouidaesque for a hero who "plans out every detail in his life with cold-blooded determination." Better done is the sketch of the Englishman, Philip Marsden, who carries off and weds Marie Bernardine after Maximilian has chosen the wrong woman. Miss Buchanan shows unexpected strength in the latter portion of the story, where we see Marie Bernardine declining to run away with her princely lover when he comes again in pursuit of his "White Witch." The story is, in fact, curiously unequal, the fruit of real intuition and youthful inexperience, and if the author will wait a few years for her talent to mature, she may be expected to accomplish clever work.

THE MONTHLY REVIEWS.

THE political articles in the Monthly Reviews for May include "England, Germany, and the Peace of Europe," by Sir Max Waechter, "The Future of Albania" by Mr. Wadham Peacock, and "Sea and Air Command: Germany's New Policy" by "Excubitor," in "The Fortnightly Review"; "Albania and the Allies" by Mr. H. N. Brailsford, "Co-Partnership in Land and Housing" by Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., and "Home Rule and Imperial Unity" by Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., in "The Contem-

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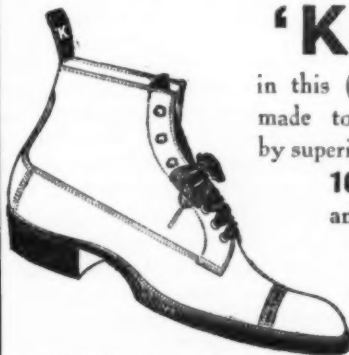
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porary"; "The Failure of the Opposition" by Mr. D. C. Lathbury, "Proportional Representation—What is it?" by Major Morrison-Bell, M.P., and a discussion of "Some Problems of Government in Europe and Asia" by Mr. J. W. Ozanne, Mr. William Maxwell, and the Earl of Cromer, in "The Nineteenth Century"; and "The Main Objections to the 'Mental Deficiency' Bill" by Dr. Bernard Hollander in "The British Review." Among the more notable articles of general interest, "Wagner in 1913" by Mr. Ernest Newman, "Crime and Punishment" by Mr. A. M. Brice, and "The Ascendancy of Wordsworth" by Mr. E. Cecil Roberts, in "The Contemporary"; "Statues to Commemorate British Worthies" by Sir Harry Johnston, and "A German's Impressions of India" by Dr. Georg Wegener, in "The Nineteenth Century"; "The Late King of Greece" by "Philhellene," "M. Raymond Poincaré" by Mr. Martial Massiani, and "Henry Osipov" by Mr. Oliver Onions, in "The Fortnightly"; and "Poetry" by Mr. Laurence Binyon, and "Idealism and the Christian Faith" by Dr. F. W. Macran, in "The British Review."

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning April 25.	Price Friday morning May 2.
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THE refusal of Montenegro to comply with the requests of the Concert—whether due or not to secret encouragement from Paris and St. Petersburg—has sent a feeling of despondency through the European bourses. The weakness of Vienna was taken as a proof that the Austrian Government would take military measures to evict the Montenegrins from Scutari, and the possibility of much wider complications had to be taken into account by speculators and promoters. Yesterday being May 1st, the Stock Exchange was closed, so that operators had a chance of recovering their nerves; but prices generally were too low, and there was too little speculation to permit of anything like a collapse. There is no thought of Great Britain being involved. A Stock Exchange man said to me the other day that the Stock Exchange is most pacific. There is no Jingo feeling anywhere, but great appreciation of Sir Edward Grey's efforts on behalf of peace. A banker observed that "if Great Britain were involved in war, the guilty Ministers ought to be hung on lamp-posts." British neutrality is considered certain, and the City has done its best to avoid financing either the Balkan States or the mobilisation of Austria and Russia. The renewed feeling of anxiety has again dried up capital and closed private purse-strings, and so some large new issues, like the Brazilian Loan, have been postponed; but unless things turn very black, it may be expected on Monday. I hear also of a large industrial issue which has been deferred until after the Whitsuntide holidays. Yesterday's Bank return, with the reserve lower by a million, did not please the Money Market, and rates were firm. Diplomatic tension means more monetary stringency. The scarcity of liquid capital is much felt in the colonies, and recent visitors to Australia and Canada speak rather pessimistically about credit conditions. The home trade is still all right, and wool prices keep firm, thanks to the home demand and to expectation that the American tariff will go through. But the future of trade, as well as of stocks and shares, clearly depends on foreign events. The latest news is happily more encouraging.

BRAZILIAN LOANS.

The knowledge of the new Brazilian loan of £11,000,000, bearing interest at 5 per cent. and to be issued at 97,

led dealers in the existing Brazilian loans to mark down the prices of these bonds so as to discourage holders from selling them with the idea of exchanging into the new issue. This has brought Brazilian bonds down practically to a 5 per cent. level; in fact, some of the more recent loans now yield more than this figure, as the following table shows:—

	Price, Jan. 1, 1912.	Price, Jan. 1, 1913.	Present Price.	Yield. £ s. d.
Brazil 4 per cent., 1889 ...	87	83	81½	4 18 6
Do. 5 per cent. Funding ...	105	103	102	4 18 0
Do. 4 per cent. Rescia ...	87½	83	81½	4 18 6
Do. 5 per cent., 1908 ...	102½	100½	99	5 2 0
Do. 4 per cent., 1910 ...	85½	82½	79½	5 1 0

The prices of these bonds are all lower than they were at the beginning of the year, and those prices in turn were lower than those at the beginning of 1912. The decline must, I think, be due, in the main, to the weakness of European stock markets as the result of the Balkan crisis. There is, however, another reason why Brazilian securities should return higher yields than were accepted by investors some years ago, and that is the uncertainty which surrounds the future of her trade in rubber. This commodity is one of her chief products, and coffee is the other. For years Brazil has supplied the rubber factories of America and Europe with the bulk of their raw material, but since 1909 the plantations of Ceylon, Malay, Java, and Sumatra have turned out very rapidly increasing quantities, thanks to the artificial price of 1910 created by the temporary shortage. Ceylon and the Middle East can produce rubber for about 8d. per pound, but the cost of collecting Brazilian rubber is put at 2s. 6d. per pound, or more, so that unless Brazil adopts scientific plantation methods there is a prospect of her being cut out by the East. As regards coffee, her position seems very strong indeed, as even the artificial raising of prices by the valorisation scheme did not enlarge coffee plantations elsewhere to any great extent. As Brazil stands now, she is in a sort of "after-boom" condition as the result of the high price of rubber in 1909 and 1910, and she must look for smaller profits in the rubber industry in future. The instalments on the new loan, it may be mentioned, are payable over an extended interval representing more than a point by way of interest, as the first coupon is a full payment. It still offers a "turn," therefore, to holders of the 1908 or 1910 loans. But the underwriters are not very comfortable.

ROYAL MAIL AND ELDER DEMPSTER.

The reports of the two great partners in the Sir Owen Phillips shipping combine have now been issued, but they tell the stockholders very little about the aims and intentions of the directors, nor indeed of the finance of the two concerns. In fact, after studying them carefully, one is forced to conclude that they are intended to "give away" as little as possible. The Union Castle Report is not yet published, but presumably some part of its earnings is included in the profits of the joint owners of its ordinary capital, for which, it will be remembered, they paid £32 10s. per £10 share. The obscurity is perhaps excusable in the case of Elder Dempster & Co., whose ordinary capital is all held privately, but Royal Mail stockholders are surely entitled to know what their fleet is costing by way of repairs and insurance, how much is being allowed for depreciation, what profit it is earning, or what average income is being realised on the investments in subsidiaries which now represent the greater part of the Company's assets. Elder Dempster debenture holders can see that their interest is well covered and they know that things would have to be in a very bad way before they might suffer, but holders of Royal Mail ordinary stock know that shipping earnings fluctuate, and they know also that a price of 130 for a 6 per cent. stock is too high unless there is a prospect of the future average return being higher. Sir Owen Phillips has not yet finished his financing, and the stock has commanded a high price by reason of the confidence of holders in his ability to complete it, but if they become rather impatient for knowledge and prefer to take the high market price, the credit of the Company may fall and interfere with his schemes.

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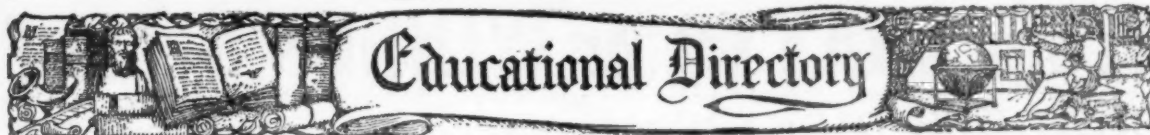
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